

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

CALLS THEM "AMORINES."

"Taxpayer" Talks About Civic Politics and Says that Aldermen Christie and Millidge Have the Support of the P. P. A's or as He Calls Them—The "Amorines."

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—With the movement of the ice on the St. John river, the advent of spring millinery openings and of house cleaning—the latter that time of abomination and desecration to those of the male sex whose better half has that intermittent fever with greater or lesser severity—the mind of the taxpayer begins to brood upon the possibilities of making a change in our civic representation. Not that we would intentionally connect house cleaning with our much respected civic council, for some of them are of too anti quated and fossilized a type to admit of any beneficial influence of such a process. Far be it from such; but still, nevertheless, one's mind unconsciously, as it were, works around through some mysterious process of evolution, until a fixed determination seizes us that the common council should be housecleaned. If you will have the whole truth, it is time that the present board were housecleaned out of existence, and that a new body of live men, such as have no axes or pulp to grind at the expense of their fellow citizens, who are willing to do a turn at the arduous duty of attendance at committee meetings and listening to the requests of sick policemen as to whether they should receive whole pay during the time which they were incapacitated from duty, should be substituted in their place.

The policeman's lot is not a happy one under any circumstances, and we cannot but feel that the average policeman earns all that he receives, he is more liable to sickness and incapacity from the very nature of his employment, and the fact that he is obliged to face all weathers and work at night as well as day, makes him more deserving of our sympathy than almost any other class of the community which we can recall.

By all means give the policeman his full pay while absent through sickness contracted while in the discharge of or in consequence of his duty, and let the pay be granted on the certificate of the police surgeon and the chief of police, and do not let us have any such nonsense as we occasionally see. A policeman's pay should depend upon the faithful discharge of his duty, and not upon the fact that he is a Catholic or an A. P. A. man, and accordingly has a greater or lesser pull with the council.

Having reached the point where we determined to make a clean sweep of the council, we would state that we believe, without equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, that from the mayor down, a change is desirable.

Mayor Sears proved a most excellent official in many respects, and had the ring, which has run the council for some years past, not met him at the threshold of his official life with a fixed determination to do what they could to make the said life a burden, and have given him a fair trial, he might have accomplished more for the city's welfare, even than he has.

He has had two terms, however, "Requiescat in pace."

But "Peace with honor" was not desired within the common council chamber as we have found to our sorrow—and cost, particularly cable cost. The fact that Mayor Sears' cable was acknowledged by our Grand Old Sovereign, while that of the ring was treated with the silent contempt it deserved, speaks more eloquently than we can describe.

Of the present members of the council, there are one or two fairly good men who might be of value if they would come out manfully and ally themselves against the present ring. Let us "Sooth the snake" with the crusty head and the litigious tail, which now controls our every civic action.

Ald. White's suggestion to reconstruct the water and sewerage departments is a good one, but it has taken a long time to evolve.

Ald. Allan is, we believe, a well meaning individual, though a trifle obstinate at times and a little addicted to marriage license, hospital commissionerships and such like.

Ald. McGoldrick, with all his peculiarities, has a good heart and if he also would come out openly and disclaim any connection with the ring with which his name

has been more or less associated he would considerably elevate himself in the public esteem. He has been 6 years chairman of the safety board and has been 16 years a member of the council. He has given liberally of his time and ability during that

at least be given the best quarters, consistent with our financial ability, and the requirements of the service, that are obtainable.

One point we must earnestly advocate is the absolute necessity of having all committee meetings open to the public, and to the press through whom the public is usually represented. The present system is simply a farce. A caucus of the members of the ring is held in Dr. Christie's back office. And the important business of the city, involving perhaps our future weal or woe, discussed and disposed of, without the public or the press having the

BENT UPON REFORM.

Citizens Who Will Take a Hand in Civic Matters and are Anti Ring Rule—Anti Christie and Millidge and Anti Clique.

It is just ten days before the civic elections and the first token of interest in them was the somewhat imposing sign on Charlotte street indicating that a "civic reform" club proposes to take a hand in the contest.

The concealment of previous years has

The contest for aldermanic positions may be keen enough before Tuesday week. There is opposition now in Lansdowne and Kings and on the West side. Nothing has developed in Duke's or Sydney though there is not much reason to doubt that any two citizens known at all could be elected to replace the present representatives. This seems a blunt statement but the honesty of it cannot be disputed. Ald. Waring represents Sidney ward and works in Lancaster. Before that he was out of the city for months in the woods of Messrs. Cushing employed by them and before that he worked in Carleton. The people in that ward are easily satisfied.

Ald. Tufts has been in the council for some time and it must be said for him that he gives his efforts for the city with a cheerfulness that is refreshing. He is not sharp enough however for the men at present at the board. His objections to this or that scheme are not listened to as they should be. Dukes is an important ward and its representative should be listened to with respect and his opinion have as much weight as that of any other.

In Kings ward a canvas is being made against Ald. Allan because he is in Queens ward now instead of Kings. He moved his store from King to Charlotte street last May and though he is only a few yards distant from Kings ward new people are asked to vote against him on this ground. He has two stores in Carleton, one in Queens ward and is a school trustee and hospital commissioner. Yet to make sure that he would not be disqualified for Kings he rented an office in that ward when he moved to Queens. He hasn't any sign out to announce the fact but PROGRESS heard him say so months ago, before civic elections were spoken of and has no doubt that it is so. His opponent is Colonel John R. Armstrong, and he was in the same capacity last year.

In the four largest wards, Prince, Queens, Wellington and Victoria no opposition has developed.

The friends of Dr. Christie think he made a great mistake the other day when he talked about the exhibition as he did and engineered the postponement of the consideration of a grant. His remarks were not popular with the business people who look back to their cash receipts for September and wonder why they should vote for a man who wants to rob them of this additional trade.

The canvass of the candidates for mayor is most interesting. Dr. Daniel is the strongest opponent of Mayor Sears, so it is thought, and the retirement of Mr. W. B. Wallace has strengthened his chances a great deal. The candidature of Count de Bury has hurt Mayor Sears because it is thought that a great portion of the support he will get would have gone to Mr. Sears. Mr. Moulson has been the most energetic canvasser and has been from one end of the city to another. He has a host of personal friends and only time will show whether they will prove to be political supporters or not.

There is a red hot band of citizens out after the scalp of the Common Council ring combination, and styled "Civic Reform Club." Their transparency was hung out from the Isaac Erb building on Charlotte street Thursday night and quite a number were in attendance at the first performance. The creed of this new organization seems to be anti-Christie, anti-Millidge, anti-P. P. A., anti-sectarianism, pro-Smith, pro-Allan, pro-Baxter, pro Colwell and several other pros.

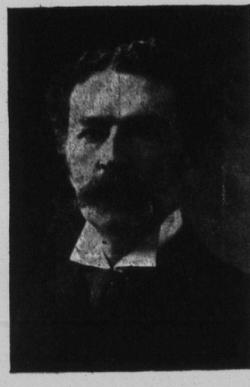
Their sole aim and purpose is to defeat what they term the "iniquitous combination," heretofore so invincible in local political circles, and to make amends for a lot of partial and one-sided legislation of late years. Attempts were made, they assert, in the past to do this trick but not enough energy was put into the fight. However this year they promise to come down on their would-be victims like the proverbial twenty hundred-weight of red building material.

Among those at the first meeting of the Club Thursday night were:—Dr. J. M. Smith, Andrew Hunter, E. Fisher, Harrison Kinross, D. E. Jack, Wilfred Campbell, Gabriel Crawford, M. McRobbie, N. Shaw, Ed. Hilyard, Capt. Moran and many others.

TWO OF THE CANDIDATES FOR MAYOR.



MAYOR SEARS.



DR. DANIEL.

long period and has filled the chair with dignity. The high state of efficiency of our fire department is largely due to Ald. McGoldrick's ability, as the department is a credit to St. John second to none in Canada.

By-the-way, among the latest additions to the belief of the "Amorines," are Doctor Christie and Alderman Millidge.

To most of our readers, the "Amorines" conveys no intelligible idea as to what it covers but, like Hamlet's ghost, what a tale it could unfold. Well, it is the true name of the organization otherwise known as the P. P. A. Last year our valorous dust boasted that they were sure of victory because they had the catholic vote. This year they have expressed their willingness to ride to victory on the backs of the "Amorines".

Beware of the two stools gentlemen, which have ever afforded a treacherous foothold. What an interesting game it would make for a evening game, to see Ald. Millidge, for instance, trying to stand erect, with one foot on the Catholic stool, and alternately the other on the P. P. A. stool, but without the privilege of placing his feet on both stools at the same time. We fancy his fall would be rapid.

Something must be done to effect a radical change in our council, and it is with great satisfaction that we learn that there is a probability of there being at least some new blood in the field during this campaign.

Dr. John M. Smith of the north end, is a man whose face and figure are well known, and who has the record of giving his opponent in the last civic election, Dr. William Christie a very close call. Dr. Smith was confined to his home with a very painful eye trouble, and was unable either to show himself at the hustling or to make any personal canvass. Notwithstanding this great handicap, he polled within 72 votes of the figure made by Dr. Christie.

Dr. Christie's past acts have made him many enemies, and his suggestion to turn out of their present quarters what he has pleased to call "the forty thieves, or the high collar brigade," did not meet with public approval. The Doctor was obliged to crawl down gracefully, which is rather a difficult feat to perform.

Our Salvage Corps are a body of well known and highly esteemed young men, they have performed arduous duties for many years, at considerable self sacrifice, without financial remuneration, and should

least idea as to what is going on. This reduces a committee meeting to a farce, and the sooner such proceedings are put an end to the better for all concerned.

The exhibition association, the tourist association, the street railway company and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself.
- PAGE 2.—Chas. K. Cameron's military opening.
- "Betty"—a very cleverly written story of a famous summer resort.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic—general miscellany.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial.
- Joys and Woes of Our Places.
- Poetry.
- Bright local items.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, 8.—Social items from all over the three provinces, Halifax, St. Stephen, Fredericton, Woodstock, Digby, Wolfville, Calais, Harland, Parrboro, Moncton, Annapolis, Bridgetown, Truro and smaller places.
- PAGE 9.—Live Local Topic Page with the following articles:—
 - A Mixture of Offences.
 - Coach drivers criticise the first St. John automobile.
 - Driving is an accomplishment in this city.
 - Look out for "bob" veal.
 - Etc. etc.
- PAGE 10 and 11.—The third story of that fascinating four week serial, "The Mystery of a Mountain Pass."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page with another vigorous writing from the text "That which is born of the flesh is flesh." Other Sabbath day literature.
- PAGE 12.—The Prince of Wales visit to United States in 1860—a timely piece of reading.
- Anecdotes of famous people of the hour.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Bonnets—of the inventive genius of the fashion maker, also Frits of Fashion. A woman's page.
- PAGE 14.—See Elephant Hunting—a choice narrative well told. General miscellany.
- PAGE 15.—Yankee Enchantment—an American fairy tale. Deaths, births and marriages from all over Lower Canada.

Mrs. Jane Carlshe, 10, D. J. McKenna, 64, Mrs. Augustus Sullivan, 20, Nathaniel Newell, 20, W. William Ellough, 10, Dr. Chas. E. Lockhart, 71, Mar. 17, Wm. Darrow, 18, 10, Calvin Raymond, 20, 17, Rupert Colman, 16, Mar. 4, Linda LaFord, 16, Feb. 20, Job. B. Coffin, 60, Dr. W. William Turner, 20, Mrs. Jane McMillan, 18, Mar. 14, Lucinda J. Reid, 60, Mar. 12, Maggie Davidson, Mar. 8, Mrs. Andrew Dale, Mar. 8, Mr. Roy Woodworth, Mar. 4, Severo D. Melan, I. Mar. 7, Capt. Benjamin, daughter of Mr. Corby, infant of Mr. and Mrs. A. Amber infant of Mr. and Mrs. 6 mos., Ralph infant of Mr. and Mrs. C. Co., Mar. 6, Mr. Thomas Gordon, infant of Mr. and Mrs. 4 mos., Mar. 12, Melvin infant of C. Moore, 3 mos., Mar. 8, Asa infant of Mr. Donald, 3 mos.

ROADS.

PACIFIC

Holidays

will be sold for the Public

First-class fare for April 12th, 13th and 14th, good for return until April 15th.

ool Vacations

ers of schools and colleges, on form of school vacation rail- by the principal, sell round

Atlantic Division and on the Division as far as and include a way lower first-class fare, inclusive, good to return

of Montreal at one way lowest fare, good to one way lowest fare, inclusive, good to return

A. J. HEATH, D. F. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the service of this Railway will

S Prince Rupert.

IN AND DIBBY.

Monday, Wednesday, Saturday; arrive Digby 10:00 a. m., by same days at 12:30 p. m., 8:35 p. m.

SS TRAINS

(Sunday excepted).

Monday, Wednesday, Friday; arrive Digby 12:30 p. m., 8:35 p. m., 11:45 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Friday; arrive Digby 8:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Saturday; arrive Annapolis 4:40

ince Arthur.

ND BOSTON SERVICE.

and fastest steamer plying out Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, immediately on arrival of steamer from Halifax arriving in morning. Returning leaves on Tuesday, and Friday at 10:00 a. m. on Dominion A. Express and Palace Car Express

obtained on application to

ions with trains at Digby, City Office, 114 Prince William office, a 3 from the Purser on time-table and all informa-

GIFKINS, superintendent, Kenville, N. B.

ional Railway

Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 daily, (Sunday excepted).

L LEAVE ST. JOHN

Halifax, Pugwash, Pictou, New Glasgow and Montreal, Truro, Halifax.

be attached to the train leaving at 10:00 a. m. for Moncton and 11:00 a. m. for Truro and sleeping cars on the express.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, at 10:00 a. m. by Eastern Standard time-table.

D. F. POTTER, St. John, N. B.

Betty.

"Well, if you aren't a—!"
The ready vocabulary of the average college "man" failed him and he sank back limply on the hammock cushions as a small figure in a dripping white duck frock came running up the veranda steps and disappeared within the hall door.

"It'll becometh a senior to show curiosity," said the lad in the hammock to himself "but I fain would know what has gone amiss with my sweet sister. I sorely fear that she has been in the lake again! I will e'en go and see." And a moment later he was pounding on her door, just at the top of the stairs.

"Betsey!" he called. She hated to be called Betsey, and he knew it. "Oh I say Betsey!"

"Run away, Bobby, there's a good boy!" came a voice from within. "I'm busy!"

"But Betty!" began he.

"But, Bobby!" mocked she.

"You—ah—you seem to be wet," he suggested.

Betty dropped a shoe.

"I just came up to inquire if that's the latest thing in bathing-suits," he said, changing his tack. "I know that water is good for young ducks, but I didn't suppose it improved russet shoes."

Betty dropped another shoe.

"Bob" was not used to being snubbed by this bit of fifteen-year-old girlhood. He meditated a minute and tacked again.

"Come, Betty, dear," he wheedled, "tell your own brother all about it! And say, Betty, I guess there's a box of caramels in my room, and if you will—What did you say?" He grinned wickedly as he heard her steps approaching the door.

"For a grave and reverend senior, I must show an astonishing amount of—of frivolous curiosity," she observed.

"Frivolous" good!" said he admiringly.

"Continue, Miss Jennings."

"Caramels first!" said Miss Jennings.

"Suspicious child! I'll give them to you after supper. Tell me how you—"

"Now, get them now!" she insisted. And Robert got them.

"Why, it was nothing at all," she began opening the door a crack to receive them.

"I went down to the landing to mail a letter, you know—Have a caramel Bobby?"

—and there was not a soul in the post office or in the warehouse, for it was just between boats. I sat down on a box in the warehouse and waited for the post office girl to come back, so that I could buy some stamps. While I sat there that French nurse—she's with those lovely people at the hotel, you know—came through the warehouse with the dear little boy and went out on the wharf. A few minutes later she gave an awful scream. I ran out on the dock and found her pointing frantically at the water, crying, 'Vite! Vite! O mon Dieu! She had let that baby fall off the edge of the wharf, somehow! The water is frightfully deep there, and the only person in sight was a man in a boat, and he was too far away. There was no time to lose, so you see I just had to—"

"Fall in after him? Exactly. I see. Good for you! Who pulled you out?"

"Oh, the man in the boat got there in time for that. He lifted the child into the boat and towed me into shallow water. It was almost impossible for me to swim in all my skirts, of course. A lot of people were on dock by that time, and I ran home as fast as I could. Now will you go and let me get off these wet things?"

Robert started downstairs. Then he called:

"Say, Betty, did the baby get wet, too?"

Betty was a patient worm, but she some times turned. Robert was only half way down the stairs when a well aimed duck skirt struck him squarely on the head, and unrolling, wrapped him in its dripping folds while a jeering voice called:

"Say, Bobby, how did you get wet, too?"

The six o'clock boat brought Mr. Jennings from his day in the town at the end of the lake, twelve miles away; and while the three had supper on the broad veranda Bob gave his father a dramatic account of the rescue.

"It was thrilling!" he said "A drama in one act. Scene, the wharf, with fair Keuka in background: French maid walking up and down, holding the hair of millions by the head—the papa must have a few million, or he couldn't afford a silly French nurse. The child escapes and falls into forty fathoms of lake; nurse howls crescendo: enter Betty, centre; enter Papa, left; centre; enter mamma, right, centre; enter the hotel, all points of compass—"

"They didn't at all!" Betty interrupted.

"Your imagination needs a curb, Robert! Don't pay any attention to him, father.

I'll tell you all about it after supper." And when Hannah had taken the tea-things away, Betty perched on the arm of her father's chair and told him the story of the afternoon.

"Well, Bettikin," said he, "it paid to know home to swim, aside from the mere pleasure of it, didn't it?" and he stroked the curly head tenderly.

Then Betty crept into the hammock beside the big brother, who was her hero and her torment-in-chief, and silence fell on the little group as they watched the sunset light-glow over lake and hill and vineyard and then fade softly, while katydids and crickets sang the day to sleep. As the dusk deepened, lights began to flash out from the hotels and cottages on the farther shore, and flaring torches marked the merry camp over on "The Bluff," which at this point thrusts its steep sides into Keuka, dividing it into two branches.

Now and then a sailboat glided by, looking ghostlike in the dusk; or a row-boat, betrayed by laugh and song; or a steam-launch, with breathless puff and fretful whistle. Sounds of a two-step came faintly from the hotel, and the moon came up across the lake, shooting shimmering beams over the water; but no one spoke.

The young man was seeing visions of the future, stretching beyond the student life which would end with another year. How he would work to help his father retrieve the losses of the last few years! He must look out for little Betty, too; and his arm tightened around her.

As for Betty, she was concerned neither with dreams nor with visions. When Bob was home her heart knew no past, no future, only a glad, satisfying present.

"Here comes some one!" exclaimed Bob, suddenly, as a boat grated on the beach.

"I tell you, Betty, it must be papa and mamma coming to thank you. The scene will be touching! They'll fall on your neck and kiss you and weep, and maybe—Why, Betty, where are you going? Here, hold on!" And he made a grab for her skirts as she sprang up and dashed into the house.

"So shy!" murmured he. "Reminds me of me when I was young." And he followed her.

The stranger, for Bob's guess was correct, had by this time crossed the broad slope of the lawn, and Mr. Jennings advanced to meet him as he came up the steps. He introduced himself as a Mr. Eliot, and asked to see Miss Jennings.

"Be seated, please," said his host, cordially, "and I will find Betty. She was here a minute ago." He went to find the runaway, while Mr. Eliot seated himself by

one of the low parlor windows. Luckless Betty! In her panic she had taken refuge in the parlor, forgetting the open window, through which the words of a lively discussion now reached the veranda.

"No, I don't want to go out!" a girlish voice was saying. "I can't! O Bob, I don't want to be thanked for—knowing how to swim! It's ridiculous!"

"But you'll have to see him, you know, Bettikin!" argued another voice. "It would be rude not to. And it won't be so bad. You won't have to say much. I'll stand behind and prompt you, and—here's father!"

At this point Betty evidently submitted gracefully to superior forces for she went calmly to the veranda, where she responded to her father's words of introduction like the true littlewoman she was, putting out a shy hand to greet the dreaded stranger. If there was an amused twinkle in his eyes, she didn't see it.

The introductions over, she waited for him to say something of the afternoon, and with the inconsistency of womankind, she was a little disappointed because he didn't say it. Instead, he drew forward a chair for her and placed his own beside it. Then he sat down and began to talk as any chance caller might. The conversation turned naturally to the attractions of Keuka.

"It is a wonderfully beautiful lake," Mr. Eliot remarked. "We are 'doing' the New York lakes, a party of us, and this is the prettiest we have found yet. In fact, I think I never saw a more beautiful sheet of water, except Lake Geneva. It ought to be more popular I should think."

"It would be if it were better known," said Bob, "but we like it better as it is. The people who do come are old Keuka lovers, and come year after year. I think the lake must possess some magic property, like the fountain of Tivoli, for those who come once always come back."

"Then I hope the spell may work in my case, for I want to try the fishing here next summer. Is that your catboat moored out here?" I came near playing pirate and capturing her this morning; she's a little beauty, and the breeze was just right."

"You might have had her as well as not. The Sigma is a nice boat—a regular bird. She's safe, too, and that's a consideration, for this lake is treacherous; the breeze has a way of dropping over the hills most unexpectedly. Won't you come out with me in the morning?"

"Thank you; we leave on the early boat, so I fear I must forego that pleasure till I come again. Do you ride?" he suddenly asked Betty, as he noticed a wheel leaning

against the rail.

"No," she replied, "or, that is, a little. That isn't my wheel. One of the girls left it the other day when it rained, and she had to drive home. I'm going to have one next year, it—"

She paused. Surely, it would be ill-bred to tell a stranger that her father could not afford the wheel this summer, because the grapes all froze last fall, and Bob's college expenses swallowed up many little luxuries.

"The roads here are fine, I've noticed," he said not seeming to observe her hesitation. "But I must go, or Mrs. Eliot will have searching parties out for me. She wanted to come with me, but she is not strong and she had such a shock this afternoon that she—"

He arose and stood looking down at Betty, who got up quickly, thinking, with a return of shyness that it was coming now.

"Miss Betty," he said, taking her hands, "you must let me tell you how grateful we are to you—for knowing how to swim. Forgive me, but I overheard what you said in the house. Dear child, good-by! God bless you!" and bending down, he kissed her forehead.

Before Betty could think what to say, he was half-way to his boat, escorted by her father and Bob.

One bright morning two weeks later Betty was swaying back and forth in the hammock, eating harvest apples, and wondering why Bob didn't come to take her out in the Sigma. Suddenly he appeared from the direction of the landing, and dropped down beside her, with "Move along a little, can't you, and give us an apple? Thanks—nice girl!" and he gazed at her with mischievous eyes.

"Robert John, you know something?" she cried.

"Yes'm, I hope so," he said meekly. "When my papa sent me to Cornell, he—"

"Stop teasing, and tell me why you look so mysterious," she interrupted.

"Guess?" said he, beginning on his third apple.

"A letter? Give it to me."

"Nay, nay letter! Try again."

"Caramels?"

"Greedy little girl! No, not caramels; something much better. What'll will you give me to tell?"

But her quick eyes had seen a boat pulling in, and now two men were lifting from it what looked like a large, flat box, or crate.

"Not one thing!" she cried, jumping up and sending the few remaining apples rolling over the floor. "Here it comes! O Bob, I shall—"

"Spin, I imagine," said Bob. "Bring it

up here, will you please?"—this last to the men who were crossing the lawn.

When the three men had hastily knocked the crate off, and a girl's wheel appeared, shining in new beauty, Betty was radiant.

"O Bob! Bob!" she cried. "Is it really for me? Did father buy it?"

"Yes, it's for you," said Bob. "I don't ride this kind. And father didn't buy it—look here, you crazy child! And he turned a card which was tied to the handle-bar, so that she could read: 'For Miss Betty Jennings, with the love of Howard [Knight] Zilist Jr.'"

"Howard Junior must be the reason infant," remarked Bob. "I tell you, though, Betty, you're in luck! It's the best wheel made. I'm proud to be your brother, Miss Jennings. Come to my arms!"

When he had freed himself from her ecstatic hug, he held her off at arm's length and said, with mock solemnity:

"Elizabeth, look me in the eye and don't fib. Did you—steady now!—did you push him in?"

PRETTY HATS AND BONNETS.

Chas. K. Cameron's Spring Opening Eye-Delighting.

The millinery opening of Chas. K. Cameron, the King street merchant was largely attended this week and in point of excellence and variety of display of headwear was far ahead of any previous seasons. It certainly was a pretty and animated scene with the ladies crowding around the different mirrors trying on hats, amid a perfect blaze of color, with the artificial light lending an additional charm to the picture. Numerous were the expressions of approval heard on all sides in admiration of the beautiful exhibition.

A month or so ago ribbons were considered of doubtful importance. Now it appears they will be among the most popular factors for trimming purposes of the season's requirement along with the filmy, gauzy chiffons, mousseline de soie, tulle, mulla, etc. In flowers roses, violets, chrysanthemums, foliage etc. predominated and Mr. Cameron's stock of fancy straws, sequins, necklines, laces, tucan, chiffons etc. is complete.

Among the prettiest hats shown were the following:

A straw hat of reseau green, trimmed with chiffon to match and caught up in front with chiffon and two large shaded plumes. Fastened with roses of same shade.

A medium-sized violet straw hat, turned slightly at the side front, with violet satin bows and lilacs. Rhinestone buckles.

Black and white hat, brim of black mohair straw, crown and trimming of black and white figured mecklin, black and white satin roses and black velvet rosettes.

A very pretty blue chiffon hat with a trucked rim, blue straw crown covered with roses of the same shade and large tobacco leaves of iridescent sequins. Pleated rosettes of black velvet at the back.

A tucan straw with shanter crown—a very pretty model—with large sweep of net dotted with straw and lying on the leaf and under the brim a huge bunch of lilacs. The whole effect was strikingly handsome.

Among the bonnets shown was a dainty little creation with a foundation of lace, the front of sequins and very narrow white straw, black opsreys up the side with large white rosettes of macklin. Ties of macklin fastened in the ends with narrow black lace.

The display of turbans was large and pretty. One in particular, the snake turban was a novelty. It was made of snake trimmings with rosettes of black chiffon, black and white wings falling over the back.

Perhaps the most decided novelty in all Mr. Cameron's display was a khaki colored straw hat with chiffon and roses to match. Under the brim was a black velvet rosette and rhinestones.

Absent-Mindedness.

Miss Gambrel—'Isn't it funny? Lucy and I are always forgetting our ages.'

Visitor—'You ought to put them down.'

Miss Gambrel (absent-mindedly)—'Yes, we did cut them down several times, and probably that's the reason we are growing so forgetful.'

French Justice.

Police Prefect: 'There really isn't any evidence against him.'

Procureur General: 'Why did you arrest him?'

Prefect: 'Well—or—there isn't any evidence against anybody else.'

Undoubtedly.

Jasper—'What do you think Howells meant when he spoke about one of the characters being a "hen-minded" woman?'

Jumpuppe—'Oh, I guess he meant that she never thought about anything except her own set.'

That Outing Acid—That arises from the stomach and almost strangles, is caused by fermentation of the food in the stomach. It is a forerunner of indigestion and dyspepsia, and if neglected will develop into the chronic stage. Take one of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets immediately after eating, and it will prevent this distress and aid digestion.—40 in a box, 50 cents.



FEEDING THE BIRDS.

in please P—this last to
crossing the lawn.
men had hastily knocked
a girl's wheel appeared,
santy, Betty was radiant,
she cried. 'Is it really
or buy it?
' said Bob. 'I don't
and father didn't buy it—
any child? And he turned
tied to the handle-bar, so
ad: 'For Miss Betty Jen-
love of Howard [Knight
or must be the rescued in-
Bob. 'I tell you, though,
back! It's the best wheel
d to be your brother, Miss
to my arms?
tread himself from her con-
her off at arm's length
lock solemnly:
ok me in the eye and don't
steady now!—did you push

ATS AND BONNETS.
on's Spring Opening Eye-
Delighting.
opening of Chas. K. Cam-
street merchant was largely
pek and in point of excel-
lency the display of headwear
any previous seasons. It
pretty and animated scene
crowding around the differ-
ing on hats, amid a perfect
with the artificial light lend-
al charm to the picture.
The expressions of approval
sides in admiration of the
tion.
to go ribbons were consid-
erably important. Now it
will be among the most pop-
ular trimming purposes of the
moment along with the flimsy,
mousseline de soie, tulle,
flowers roses, violets, chry-
solite etc. predominated and
's stock of fancy straws,
lins, laces, tussan, chiffons
e.
prettiest hats shown were the
of rosea green, trimmed
to match and caught up in
flon and two large shaded
ened with roses of same shade.
sized violet straw hat, turned
side front, with violet satin
s. Rhinestone buckles.
white hat, brim of black mo-
rown and trimming of black
red meeklin, black and white
id black velvet rosettes.
etty blue chiffon hat with a
blue straw crown covered with
same shade and large tobacco
ridescent sequins. Pleated
black velvet at the back.
straw with shanter crown—a
model—with large sweep of
with straw and lying on the leaf
brim a huge bunch of lilacs.
feet was strikingly handsome.
he bonnets shown was a dainty
on with a foundation of lace,
sequins and very narrow white
ospreys up the side with large
es of macklin. Ties of macklin
the ends with narrow black lace.
lay of turbans was large and
in particular, the snake turban
y. It was made of snake trim-
rosettes of black chiffon, black
rings falling over the back.
the most decided novelty in all
on's display was a khaki color-
hat with chiffon and roses to
der the brim was a black velvet
rhinestones.

Absent-Mindedness.
umbrel—'Isn't it funny? Lucy
always forgetting our ages.'
'You ought to put them down.'
mbrel (absent-mindedly)—'Yes,
t them down several times,
that's the reason we are growing
al.'

French Justice.
Prefect: 'There really isn't any
against him.'
our General: 'Why did you ar-
'
'Well—er—there isn't any
against anybody else.'

Undoubtedly.
'What do you think Howells
then he spoke about one of
s being a 'ben-minded' woman?
pple—'Oh, I guess he meant that
er thought about anything except
set.'

Outing Acid—That arises from the
and almost strangles, is caused by fer-
of the food in the stomach. It is fore-
dication and dyspepsia, and if neglected
up into the chronic stage. Take one of
Hank's Peppermint Tablets immediately after
it will prevent this distress and aid di-
est in a box, 25 cents.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

Thanking choir leaders and organists for past favors this department would respectfully request that an answer to the notices sent out today, regarding Easter, music be sent in not later than Tuesday afternoon of next week.

El Capitan has been taken on a tour by a company headed by John A. Warden.

Nellie Bergen is again singing Anna with De Wolf Hopper in 'The Chastellan.'

Jerome Sykes will star next season in a new comic opera, Foxy Quiller, for which Reginald de Koven will compose the music.

Hofrath Ernst Von Schuch, conductor of the Royal Opera House, Dresden is in New York, and will direct several concerts during his stay.

Christie McDonald the young Nova Scotian who has won fame in comic opera will sail for Europe at the close of the season of 'Princess Chic.'

Henry Wolfson has returned from Europe having arranged for the tour of Sousa's band in Germany. Maud Powell has been added to the list of soloists mentioned last week in this department.

Jules Sterger will leave New York on April 25 for Europe, to sing in concerts. He will spend the summer in Vienna, returning to appear in America next season with Jerome Sykes in Foxy Quiller.

Guelma Baker, a member of Mme Modjoka's Company made her debut in New York last week as a light opera prima donna. Her performance was altogether admirable. She sang with a powerful and sweet toned voice and her articulation, so say the critics, was particularly good. She gave to the role she sang an attractive womanhood that was most refreshing.

Cesar Frank's oratorio, 'Les Beattitudes' was sung for the first time in New York last Sunday night by the German Liederkranz. The oratorio which is an esteemed one of the noblest works of its class of the century was listened to by a large audience. The soloist were Mrs. Seabury Ford, Marie Maurer, Clara Wienstien, Anton Van Rooy, George Hamlin, F. Berger, Gitym Miles. The chorus and orchestra were conducted by Dr. Paul Kienegel. The production was under the direction of Victor Thrane.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The opera house has secured some excellent attractions for the spring, summer and autumn, as will be seen by the following list of engagements.

Valentine Stock Co., return engagement, April 16 to 28.

Town Topics, April 30 to May 2nd.

Shea Stock Co., May 3 to 5.

Jesse Harcourt Co., band and orchestra May 7 to 12.

Side Tracked—May 14 to 16.

W. S. Harkins Summer Co., May 21st. to June 2.

Young Wife, June 7 to 9.

Paul Caseneuve's Co., with Cyrano de Bergers, 50 people, June 11 to 16.

Ray's Hot Old Time, June 18 to 20.

Bachelor's Honey-moon June 21 to 23.

W. S. Harkins return June 25 to July 7.

Van's Minstrels, July 9 and 10.

Gorton's Minstrels, Aug. 17 and 18.

Culhane, Chase and Weston, Aug. 28 and 29.

Yale's Devil's Auction, Sept., 10 to 15.

Alabama Troubadors, Oct. 3 and 4.

Evil Eye, Oct. 8 to 11.

Robinson Opera Co., Oct. 12 to 20.

Quo Vadis, Oct. 22 and 23.

Three Musketeers, Oct. 25 to 27.

W. S. Harkins, the veteran manager who is always warmly welcomed to this city made a brief stay here last week en route to Halifax and Sydney, C. B., with a whole lot of theatrical plans mapped out for the coming season. Mr. Harkins coming engagement in St. John will be of especial brilliancy and the personnel of his company will include some well known people.

Frederick Warde will close his starring tour on May 5.

Marjorie Belyea will star next season in a new farce comedy.

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatsoever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send in stamps for circulars.

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and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

will revive King John in an elaborate manner next season.

Jennie O'Neill Potter is dying of cancer. She was famous at one time.

Harrison J. Wolfe will resume his tour on Easter Monday in a new play.

Bennett and Moulton, B. company, are playing Maine and Massachusetts.

Hamilton Harris has just finished a new costume play "A Son of Bohemia."

Frankie Carpenter is being well received in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Verner Clarges has joined Joseph Jefferson for the rest of the season.

Joseph Jefferson began his spring tour at Atlanta, Ga., on Monday, April 2.

Katherine Stagg is going to dramatize Morley Robert's novel "The Colossus."

Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," finished her Boston engagement last week.

Edmond Rosland is ill in Paris with congestion of the lungs. His condition was serious for a time.

Jessie Millward has been engaged for next season with the New York Empire Theatre Stock Company.

Sol Smith Russel, who is steadily improving in health is shortly to take a trip to Carlsbad for his health.

Charles Richman will continue next season as leading man with Annie Russel who will present R. Marshall's comedy 'A Royal Family.'

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall tried a new play called "A Sons Inheritance" in Brooklyn this week. Later they will present it in New York.

Madame Bernhardt is out against the theatre hat, and states that women will not be allowed to wear hats in her Paris theatre hereafter.

Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry and supporting company will revisit New England and the eastern states before sailing for England on May 19.

The Valentine Stock company is getting a fair patronage in Halifax considering the season and a whole lot of other opposing circumstances.

Moreton Baker has been secured to stage the productions of "Ino Valdis" which will tour the west under the direction of Conrad & Jackson.

Henrietta Crossman starring tour in a revival of Bronson Hwards "One of our Girls," will begin on April 16, under management of Maurice Campbell.

William Faversham has renewed for two years his contract as leading man with the Empire Theatre Stock of New York, at the expiration of which time he will probably be starred.

Isabel Talierro, now with "Children of the Ghetto" has been re-engaged by Liebler & Company for next season and will have a prominent role in Mr. Van Bibber, in which Robert Hillard is to star.

Edmond Rostand's "L'Aiglon," translated will be published in this country by R. H. Russell, simultaneously with its appearance in England, Mr. Russell having acquired the publication rights for America.

A gold statue of Maud Adams, said to be valued at \$187,000 was cast in New York last week to be shown at the Paris Fair. Mrs. Bessie Potter Vonnah was the sculptor and the statue will be called The American Girl.

Duse says she will be in New York in Feb. 1901. She has quite given up

D'Annunzio's plays. D'Annunzio meanwhile has just finished his new novel "Fire" which will be published this month. He began writing it three years ago, but the book is much larger than first anticipated and is now a work of 700 pages.

The Liebler company are now making active preparations for a grand revival of Monte Cristo next season with James O'Neill as Edmond Dantes. It is said that the production will eclipse in magnificence anything of the sort heretofore attempted. It will be of so elaborate a nature that only very large stages can accommodate it. The season will open at the Boston theatre on Sept 24. Frederick Belleville has been engaged for Norcier and S. Miller Kent for Albert de Monceri.

This is what that famous critic Chicot says of two people well known in this city, in reviewing a recent vaudeville performance in New York:

"The honors go to Williams and Tucker with their Skinny's Finish. Some of these days there will be a part written for Eva Williams that will serve to exploit her wonderful work as a child of the streets to the best advantage and there will be a new star in the theatrical firmament that will blaze on high."

Rosabel Morrison a daughter of Lewis Morrison is rapidly coming to the front as a promising emotional actress. She is at present on tour with Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" and has the leading part of Hannah Jacobs the Rabbi's Daughter. It was Miss Morrison who replaced Bianche Bates during the run of the play at the N. Y. Herald Square theatre; and during the engagement at the Adelphi theatre, London, she was warmly pressed by the press, and given great credit for a sweetness and purity of method rare in one so young, for she is yet safely in the twenties. Miss Morrison comes from sturdy stock. Her parents were Louis Morrison whom we all know, and Rose Wood an actress of great beauty and ability, and for a long time a New York favorite. Miss Morrison is a perfect type of brunette beauty, and the critics say she is on the high road to fame.

A Fertile Descent.

Teresa Falcicola, a woman of Zuarna, Italy, recently found out how it feels to fly. Near her home, which nestles in a valley, is a high, wooded mountain. To it, says the New York Herald, it has been her custom to go for fire-wood.

To carry this wood from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain-top. A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood, prepared to send them down. Just as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire, and had launched it on its downward course, her wedding ring caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet. Half paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire. And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain-top from which their mother had been torn is eight hundred yards above the valley. But the children found their mother entirely uninjured. Her fall had been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.

He Would Pay Him.

The cultivation of his vote by the watchful and flattering ward politician sometimes arouses in the breast of the poor dweller in the slums an exaggerated notion of his political importance. At a recent banquet of the Franklin Typographical Society of Boston, a prominent printer told a story which illustrates this fact amusingly. Not long ago a man came to this gentleman and asked for work for his boy. The applicant himself was out of work, and his family were in want. "If you can give work to the boy," said he, "we'll get enough out of it to pay the rent, and we won't be turned out on the street, anyhow." The printer promised to do what he could. "An' if ye do," the father went on, his eye lighting up with a generous gleam, "we'll put ye in McKinley's place!"

Black Oats.

An English clergyman, rather pompous of manner, according to Spare Moments was fond of chatting with a witty chimney sweep. Once, when the minister returned from his summer holidays, he happened to

"77"

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meet his youthful acquaintance, who seemed to have been at work.

"Where have you been?" asked the clergyman.

"Sweeping the chimneys at the vicarage," was the boy's answer.

"How many chimneys are there, and how much do you get for each?" was the next question.

The sweep said there were twenty chimneys, and that he was paid a shilling apiece. The clergyman, after thinking a moment, looked at the sweep in apparent astonishment. "You have earned a great deal of money in a little time," he remarked solemnly, wondering, probably, what the sooty fellow would reply.

"Yes," said the sweep, throwing his bag over his shoulder as he started away, "we who wear black coats get our money very easily!"

"Silver Plate that Wears."

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of the original and genuine "Rogers' Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.," is "1847," the year this brand was first made. Full trade mark—

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 7

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST.

The civic elections will take place on the 17th instant and there are four candidates in the field for the mayoralty though as yet there is little opposition to the present board of aldermen.

Mayor Edward SEARS, ex-Ald. J. V. DANIEL, Count DE BURY and Jam MOULSON are in the field for the magistracy. The first named has been the chair for two years and he is seeking third term. Ordinarily speaking, the people are not in favor of third term but the contention of Mr. SEAR's friends is that he had to fight his way to the seat every year and consequently he is entitled to re-again. This is an offset to the arguer that the mayor is inconsistent in offering again. Whether it will be effective or not remains to be seen.

Dr. DANIEL was a good alderman and would, no doubt, make an excellent mayor. He has not, however, been an aggressive candidate. With his knowledge of civic affairs and observance of what has transpired since he was one of the council, it will occur to many people that he should be able to define some platform of improvement and reform. Instead of that we regret to note, that his card is much the same as those we have read year after year. Dr. DANIEL knows—or should know—that certain changes are needed in the city government. He should be courageous enough to express his opinion and tell the people what he wishes to give them. He should disown allegiance to the CHRISTIE element and emphasize the assertion that he will oppose the ring rule of extravagance and recklessness that has characterized much of the civic expenditure for years.

Mr. MOULSON and Count DE BURY have not been in the council of St. John. The former had some experience in the old city council of Portland but Mr. MOULSON is new to civic affairs. He is, however, a splendid chairman, a clever speaker and a gentleman of pleasant address. His personal friends will give him earnest support and, it may be, in the strife for victory place him well to the front. We do not think he will win but—who knows?

Mayor SEARS has been opposed by the CHRISTIE faction. From the first any suggestion of his has been opposed by the chairman of public works and his following. If the same law could be enforced in St. John as the legislature has just passed for Campbellton, EDWARD SEARS would not be in the chair today. The fact that the chairman of the board of works has been chairman of the board of management has made that alderman (CHRISTIE) a magnate that his colleagues in the council were very willing to conciliate. The independent man whom he could not subdue was Ald. WHITE and he has now persuaded his brother aldermen that the sum of \$150,000 annually for water and sewerage shall not be expended without the knowledge of the whole council and the presence of the press. After this, if the council approves of the committee's report, the affairs of the board of management will be open to the public through the press and the department spending the largest amount of money shall no longer be controlled, unobserved, by the small committee presided over by Chairman CHRISTIE. The management of the Spruce Lake extension has not been such as to impress the public with this committee's ideas of economy. The claims for land damages are still coming in. Is it

reasonable to suppose that any business man would begin such a work without knowing exactly what the land damages and cost would be? Certainly not. And yet because Ald. CHRISTIE was committed to the CUSHING pulp mill, he rushed this project forward two years ahead of time in order that the gentlemen interested might be able to show people in England that the city of St. John was willing to stand in the gap and give them all the water they wanted at a nominal figure. The money has been spent. One hundred thousand dollars was spent for pipe two years ago and the interest has been climbing up since and as yet not one drop of water has been delivered to the people of Carleton. Mr. CHRISTIE may think this good management but it is management of the worst kind. He refuses to aid the exhibition, the tourist association or to give a small grant to the S. P. C. A. but he finds no fault with such senseless expenditure as we have noted. The CUSHING Pulp mill is not nearly ready for operation yet. If the new pipe to Spruce lake had been started last fall or this spring, for that matter, it would have been ready as soon as the mill. As yet no attempt has been made to connect the main pipe with the mill yet the money of the people is lying idle in the trench from Carleton to Spruce Lake.

When a policeman asks for his pay when he is off duty on account of illness Alderman CHRISTIE objects. He says the policemen are well paid and half pay is enough for them when injured in the discharge of their duty or ill on account of exposure. Charitable to the well to do seems to be his motto. The hardships of the city employes do not appeal to him. He is the "father of the unemployed" as

that time. The trouble was all caused by a drunken man, who when he sobered up went to work as usual, hardly knowing what he had done. The case however was not without its annoyances and inconveniences to the liveryman.

A Well-Equipped Establishment. C. B. Fidgeon & Co., the Indiantown tailor's gents furnisiers and footwear dealers have moved from their temporary quarters opposite the car sheds on Main Street to their brand new brick building at the old stand, corner Bridge street, where they are better fitted out than ever. A modern store, an up-to-date stock, a large staff of clothes makers, which in all makes the best equipped men's furnishing house in North End.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES

Another Rival for the Horse. (Campbellton Evening.) An unwilling call to be seen on our streets was a sled in tow, Joe LaCasse being the driver.

Training for an Easter Record. (Moncton Times.) A small young hen owned by Mr. George Ritchie Waterloo street on Friday laid an egg which measured 6 1/2 x 8 inches.

Everything Comes to Those Who Wait. (Halifax Herald.) It is estimated that the embarkation of the three contingents from this port has left three quarters of a million dollars here.

A Warm Blooded People, No Doubt. (Queenston Cor. Queens Co. Gazette.) James Carpenter of Carletonville, has been running a merry-go-round in this locality for the past weeks.

Strange Use for a Tugboat. (Bridgetown Monitor.) The tug Finmore has been sold to Hugh Gillespie of Farrisboro, and will be taken there to be used for towing.

This Beats a Life Insurance Mortgage. (Nova Scotia Exchange.) Perhaps the most remarkable piece of conveyancing done in Nova Scotia for many years, was when a few weeks ago Thos Beal, a Colchester man, gave a bill of sale of a wild cat for fifty dollars.

Perhaps the Police Forbade It. (Exchange)

When a policeman asks for his pay when he is off duty on account of illness Alderman CHRISTIE objects. He says the policemen are well paid and half pay is enough for them when injured in the discharge of their duty or ill on account of exposure. Charitable to the well to do seems to be his motto. The hardships of the city employes do not appeal to him. He is the "father of the unemployed" as

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VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Heavenly Rest.

Through the valley and over the stream, Where the golden roses grow; And pleasant waters in silence gleam, How lovely at last to go. To go where the beautiful goes before, The saltiest and the best, Find when the sorrows of life are o'er, Love is a heavenly rest.

I gave my heart with my love mine own, To you in the golden days; When life was a song of enchanting tone, And we lingered in rose leaf ways. Two souls in their sweet devotion one, Enduring adversity's test; When even from sorrow their joy is won, Love is a heavenly rest.

We never cherished a tender thought, That did not enrich at last. The eloquence their own lips had sought, More hallowed than all the past. And the home on high till there we meet, Will welcome no angel guest; To breathe to me only in accents sweet, Love is a heavenly rest.

We have that heaven but once on earth, In the first embrace of love; Love's very soul on the lips has birth, And it comes to us from above. A lifetime lingers in that first touch, Of the hands in rapture prest, And our hearts respond, their joy is such; Love is a heavenly rest.

What need to say we will ne'er forget, The heaven we both have known; It is golden memories linger yet, In the happiness still our own. Such blissful moments can never fade, When true hearts find their guest, In the vows of affection they fondly made, Love is a heavenly rest.

When he went courting her she'd say: "In just a minute!" And then she'd stay "Upstairs and crimp Her hair and pin it, And let Him fret And come at last All radiant and gay And smile As if she'd kept him waiting while Ten seconds only passed away.

Since she is his she cries: "In just a minute!" While downstairs, he with many sighs, Waits while she tries To hook her waist or pin it, And so The moments go! The car they thought to catch, loo comes and goes And still she fools with trills and furbelows! If earth's best treasure were laid out Where she, by being there in time could win it, Still she would stand before her glass and shout: "In just a minute!"

On that great day When earth shall pass away; When the graves all open, and we shall stand To be judged—both the wicked and the just, The scalded and the low— When Gabriel faithful to his trust, Shall take up his trumpet and blow In it. They will hear up in the sky, Some one who is missing or; "Just a minute!"

It Comes, Too. Comes the Spring with all its snowbanks, All its colds and influenza, All its doctor's bills and coal bills, All its slippery, slushy sidewalks; All its wind and rain and sunshine, All its maple-sugar weather, All its hopes and aspirations, Comes to-day the pleasant springtime. Let her come, she can't be worse! Then the beauty winter weather We've been having all this month back. Let her come and get her work in; Melt the snowdrifts, food the gutters, Swell the buds and bring the birds, too; Start the many-colored crocus, Crocus verus, irisacous; And the hyacinth so fragrant, Sprung from blood of Hyacinthus; Start the dandelion yellow, Leontodon Taraxacum (Put the accent where you want to.) Start the fuzzy pussy willow, Start the robins, and also Any other flower that's ready, Then we'll hail her and we'll call her Gentle Spring, Ethereal Mildness.

The Debutante. They put the relics of a hundred years Within her case; And on her silken gown some rare old lace They delicately place; They hang a fortune on her throbbing breast, An old bequest; And on her feet are slippers worn before They have a fortune on her throbbing breast, An old bequest; About her arms the glistening bracelets show Of long ago; Beneath a coronet, so old and rare, They braid her hair. And under all this record of past days There softly plays A girlish heart that truly yearns to be forever free; And low in there and beams within her eyes And fervent cries: Ah, heart! our time will surely come at last, When this is past; The world looks only at the gems you wear; Ah, heart! take care! Montrose J. Moore.

Will You? Though the price of all to seek On a dismal week The epitome of cheek Would appear, I, who haven't got a son, Love I offer—will it do? Will it dear?

In Training. Wife—"I wonder who that saintly looking man is who is in the front pew and is so fervent in the responses? If ever I saw love, charity, faith, hope and self abnegation in a human countenance I see them in his."

Husband—"That is Police-captain Grabbal. His case comes up before the commissioners to-morrow."

Undressed, Made, Re-covered, Repaired Sewed in Waterloo.

CALL THEM 'AMORINES'

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

its employers, the policemen, the insurance men fire and life, the bankers, the ferry hands, and many others will all doubtless have their little say at the polls when the day arrives.

Were it not for the dilatory policy pursued by Dr. Christie as chairman, in failing to call his board together last summer, until it was too late in the year to accomplish anything, we should probably now be in possession of a well ordered road on Douglas Avenue with a first class street car service to the bridge. Our hotel and livery stable men, and all those who have to deal with the American tourist travel will fully appreciate this argument.

He cannot close without a reference to the attitude of Ald. Christie and Keast towards the exhibition association. The remark of the latter gentleman made on March 29th at the Treasury board, that the people with whom he had talked were tired of contributing to exhibitions, might have been more apt, had it been applied to wharves and pulp mills. The former panegyric on the same occasion when he stated that he had always voted against exhibitions, that he was more opposed to it now than ever, that last years show was a poor jone, and the attractions upon the grounds such as he regretted to see, was poor encouragement to the exhibition association, which has done so much, year by year, to endeavour to make our annual show a greater success.

Exhibitions may only benefit hotels [and newspapers, doctor, but we are of the opinion that there are others.

Hope, as have before stated, to see a good sound ticket of useful and representative in the field, and can such be obtained I with others take much pleasure in plugging them hearty support and wishing them, good luck during the coming contest.

TAXPAYER.

A Sewell Street Resident Objects. To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS.—The residents of Sewell street are greatly annoyed by the indecent conduct of five or six college students boarding on Sewell street who have evidently come from the back woods and think they can act just as they please. Of late they have gone too far and should be stopped before measures are taken to stop them as some of the residents feel disgusted with such indecent conduct. They cannot even approach their own windows for them.

One has only to pass down Sewell street on the opposite side to witness the actions of those who class themselves as gentlemen and college-students. They are surely a great credit to our college.

A RESIDENT.

NEW N. E. SALVAGE DRIVER.

A Close Contest for the Position on the Wagon. The appointment of a new driver for the North End Salvage Corps was a matter of no small amount of interest at last Monday night's meeting. William Morrissey was the successful candidate; although another North End man, George Eagles gave him a hard chase with the ballots.

Hasen Brown gave up the job of driving the corps' horse only a few days after he had tendered his resignation to Captain Hamm and immediately Captain Hamm placed Morrissey on duty. This of course gave Morrissey the fullest advantage to canvas for the night of election. But the contest was sharper than most people supposed it would be. On the first casting of ballots Morrissey received ten votes, Eagles ten and Duffy one. Another vote was taken and Eagles received ten, Morrissey fourteen.

The retirement of Brown and the election of a new driver has not yet come before the Safety Board.

Fifty-nine Two Cent Stamps. A small parcel sent by a King street dry goods firm to a lady in India on Thursday took fifty-nine postage stamps. The wrapping of the packet was completely plastered with the little pink squares, in fact there was hardly room for them all.

Too Possible.

Knicker—"We had to discharge our pastor because he mispronounced a word." Bocker—"For such a trifle?" Knicker—"Yes. He said the dear departed had gone to the undiscovered country from whose burn no traveler returns."

BAKING POWDER and wholesome THEM 'AMORINES'

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The death of social happenings is still on, but the end of Lent is getting near and more joviality and it will be but a little over a week now before all at- tempts at partial piety will be thrown away. This perhaps sounds trifling and no doubt it is, but the fact remains that the Lenten season is perhaps the last as a whole for many months that the popu- lace has been forced into a state of devout- ness, although generally on a minimized scale. With the assuming the role of a cleric, I think we should all be more or less devout the year round and then the holy season stipulations could be borne more gracefully, and our worldly in consequence most beneficial. Items of interest in the social world are even for this week that last, at least as far as Provinces can learn, but look out for a pleasing bud- get of surprises next week—Easter galesies sur- la facts, and matrimonial murmurs.

Mrs. G. E. Fairweather is the guest of Mrs. A. E. Jones, Moncton.

Mr. G. H. Barnes and Mrs. Barnes of Sussex are visiting friends here.

Miss Fairweather and Miss Grace Fairweather are guests at "The Knoll" Sussex.

Mrs. Purdy and Miss Fuly of Bear River, N. B. have returned home, after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Mr. W. F. King of Toronto went across the bay on Saturday.

Mr. J. Titus-Barnes of Sussex was in town on Saturday.

Mr. H. B. McDonald, who has been studying ar- chitecture in the office of R. C. John Dunn all winter left for his home in Chatham late this week. Mr. McDonald has already a large circle of friends in this city, and his absence will be quite noticeable. As a violinist in orchestral music he will also be missed.

Mr. Percy Gladwin of Halifax has accepted the position of head reader with the publishing firm of J. & A. McMillan, Prince William Street.

A very happy event in which a St. John young man figured conspicuously was solemnized in the Methodist church at Woodstock, Carleton county, last Wednesday afternoon. It was the marriage of Miss Katherine Baker, daughter of Mrs. S. J. Baker of Woodstock to Mr. Hugh F. Murray, son of Mr. George Murray of Sydney Street in this city, the popular road representative of Redding & Co., Yarmouth, N. S. best and shoe manufacturer.

In the presence of intimate friends and the relatives of both the bride and groom elect. Rev. Mary tied the matrimonial knot, and immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Murray departed for Boston, New York and other American parts on the Pacific Express. Mr. Murray's parents have only removed to St. John from Woodstock but a few months, and the groom is very well-known here, as he is throughout the vast territory covered by him in his business travels. The gifts received by the bridal pair were many and beautiful.

Two weddings took place in the city about the middle of the week. One was that of Miss Isabelle Thompson to Fred A. Billiard, a former St. John resident, but now resident at the Hub. The marriage took place in Queen Square Methodist church on Wednesday afternoon a very large assembly of people being present to witness it. The ceremony was at 4 o'clock and was performed by Rev. R. W. Woodall pastor of the church. The bride wore a gray travelling suit and was unattended. The edifice was prettily decorated with flowers, the choir sang hymns and organist Bullcock played the wedding march. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Billiard left by C. P. R. for Boston where Mr. Billiard is foreman in Foster & Wrightlight's canning factory. The bride received many presents, including remembrances from the several church associations. Miss Thompson was a teacher in the Centennial school building on Brussels street, and was much beloved by the pupils under her care, as well as among her sister teachers and co-workers.

The other marriage referred to took place at the residence of Mr. Francis L. Debel of the ferry service, 143 Guilford street, Carleton, Thursday morning. Mr. Theal's eldest daughter, Miss Isabel D., and Mr. Lyman King, also of Carleton but for some months resident at Malden, Mass., were united in marriage by Rev. M. C. Higgins of the Baptist church. After the ceremony the young couple left on the International boat for Malden where they will reside. The bride had for some time been organist of Carleton Baptist church and an active worker in the church societies. The choir pre- sented her with a handsome marble clock and she also received many beautiful remembrances from friends.

Senator Hewitt was at the Royal Thursday on his way home to Yarmouth from Ottawa.

Rev. J. C. Barrie formerly of this city has been invited to remain a fifth year at St. Andrews.

Mrs. W. Alton and son Frank of Sussex, are visiting Mrs. J. W. Ebbart, 40 Coburg street.

J. H. Duddy left Wednesday evening for New York.

Rev. J. deSoyres intends leaving for England on

a two months holiday trip immediately after Easter.

Miss Flora Smith of Kingston, Ont., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. B. Magoo.

Adam Lee of the Kingston, Ont., cotton mill, has received appointment as assistant supervisor of the spinning department of the cotton mill at Moncton, N. B.

The Portland Argus says: Thomas S. Simms, formerly of this city, now a large manufacturer of brushes and brooms at St. John, N. B., is spending a few days with friends in this city.

M. Dwyer and Dr. W. Tobin of Halifax were at the Royal Wednesday for the purpose of meeting the remains of Mr. Dwyer's father, which were sent from New York to Halifax for interment. The body arrived at noon Wednesday.

George James Hunter of the C. P. R. general office, Montreal, was in the city. Mr. Hunter will leave on the str. Lake Superior on a visit to friends in Belfast, Ireland.

Major Armstrong returned from Fredericton Tuesday evening, where he has been inspecting the military stores.

A. J. S. Cope, M. E., of Digby was at the Royal Wednesday.

Superintendent Glasgow of the ferry service is confined to his house with a sprained ankle.

Next Tuesday evening in St. Stephen's church schoolroom Mrs. E. A. Smith will deliver her highly interesting talk on Switzerland, for the bene- fit of the Scotch Company, Boys Brigade, in con- nection with that church. The lecture was de- livered some time ago in St. Andrews church, is highly interesting and instructive and with the aid of Prof. Ferguson's stereoscopic views and Mrs. Smith's vivid descriptions the listener and onlook- er is carried right through the beautiful alpine land as if on airy wings. The Scotch boys will certainly have a big house.

Mr. Frank Christopher of the St. John Railway Co. employ has returned from Boston where he successfully underwent surgical treatment to one of his feet.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Belyea (nee Wood), on the arrival of a young son and heir.

REBELLICTIONS.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

APRIL 4.—Society has not had much in the way of social functions lately, but the number of driv- ing parties for visiting the sugar camps, have been much enjoyed and are always of special interest. The many adventures of the drive which the melt- ing snow makes rather precarious only adds to the zest of the party. Mr. Frank Clements of King- sclear was the host of several parties last week who enjoyed the visit, for Mr. Clements is a model host and his fine camp is supplied with all the most re- cent scientific appliances for the making of this de- licious confection and is able to boil off a hoghead of sap every hour. The season for running of the sap extends over a period of only about twelve days but during that time the amount of honey, candy and sugar made is almost phenomenal. Within a radius of 15 miles, 30,000 can adorn the maple trees of our forests, and each can of sap is expected to produce a pound of sap. The cans are emptied twice a day. It is to the Indians we owe the knowledge of this wonderful production.

The friends of Hon. A. F. Randolph will be pleased to learn since his arrival in Florida his health is continually improving.

Miss Lillie Hagg left this morning for St. John where she will spend a few weeks for the benefit of her health.

The musical club had a very pleasant meeting on Monday evening when they met at the home of Miss Carman, music with much bright conversation oc- cupied the entire evening till midnight, when a de- licious supper was served. Among those who took part in the musical programme were Prof. and Mrs. Brisbane, Mrs. Wm. Leonard, Mrs. Martin Le most Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety, Miss Gertrude Fenety and Miss Carman.

Others present were the Misses Smith, Miss Bessie Clowen, Miss Risk, Mrs. E. H. Allen, Misses Beverly and Mr. W. T. H. Fenety.

Mrs. T. G. Loggie is visiting her mother Mrs. McKinley at Fredericton, N. B.

Mrs. Cadlip gave a pleasant tea on Friday after- noon for the pleasure of her guest Miss Schofield.

Miss Rose Fowlar leaves tomorrow for Roxbury where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. P. Macdonald returned last week from her trip to New York.

Miss Skinner has returned to her home after a pleasant visit of several weeks with her friend Miss Merritt.

Mrs. G. N. Babbitt gave a small euchre party on Saturday evening which was much enjoyed. The prizes were won by Miss Tabor and Mr. Chas. Allen.

Mrs. Frank B. Creed is this evening entertaining a party of friends at her home it being the anniver- sary of her wedding day.

After a pleasant visit with her friend Mrs. Cud- lip at Maryville, Miss Schofield returned to her home in St. John the first of the week.

Mrs. J. J. Jones of Mitchell arrived from St. Stephen last evening and is the guest of Mrs. James Barker.

Dr. Cowie of Halifax is here and is the guest of his son Mr. A. G. Cowie of the Bank of B. N. A.

CHANCE.

RECEIPTS.

APRIL 4.—Mr. C. T. Milligan of St. John spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. George W. Robertson visited St. John last week.

Mr. G. N. Vincent of St. John was in town on Sunday.

Mr. L. A. Langstroth D. D. S., returned on Monday to his home in Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Forbes gave a party last

Friday evening to a few friends in honor of their friend Dr. L. A. Langstroth.

Mr. Kathleen McKittrick is to be married this af- ternoon to Miss Minnie, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickenson of Kingston. The friends of the young couple extend congratulations and wish them every success in life.

Miss Ella Ferguson entertained a few friends last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. John Stevenson is confined to the house through illness.

Mr. C. F. Farrand of St. John was in town last Wednesday.

Mrs. George V. McInerney returned home on Sunday last having been in Chatham last week visiting friends.

The many friends of Mr. Hiram Thompson are glad to see him out after his recent illness.

Mr. Rupert Pratt of St. John is in town today.

An enthusiastic patriotic meeting was held in the temperance hall last Monday night. Music and addresses were given appropriate to the occasion, the band was in attendance and a large audience being present helped to swell the patriotic fund in which interest the meeting was held.

Rev. Mr. Vane of Buctouche occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening last.

AUDOL.

All styles of society printing done in the most attractive and up to date form. Mail orders a specialty. Prompt attention given to all applications for quotations and with due economy.

Progress Job Print.

ST. ANDREWS.

APRIL 5.—Miss Short of St. Stephen, visited St. Andrews friends last week.

Mrs. Florence Howard intends making her home in Roxbury, Mass., for a time.

Major Howe, known to many St. Andrews people as "Joe" Howe, is now in command of the North West Mounted Police section of the Canadian contingent in South Africa, Col. Herchmer being on sick leave at the Cape.

James Green, son of the late Capt. Green, ar- rived here from the West on Thursday, after an absence of nearly twenty years. For nine years he was a member of the Mounted Police.

Late New South Wales papers contain notice of the appointment of John William James, Tanasari, Blakehurst, as a magistrate for the electorate of St. George, N. S. W. Mr. James was once a resident of St. Andrews and there are many here who still entertain pleasant recollections of him.

Dr. Parker and family will shortly return from Halifax.

Iris Ingalls, Mrs. Mark Daggert and Miss Mattie McDowell, of Grand Manan, registered at Kennedy's hotel on Monday.

Mrs. Eliza Robertson returned to St. John on Wednesday, after spending the winter with her son, Mr. W. A. Robertson.

Mr. John Nabbett arrived from Boston on Tues- day, and will return in a few days with his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn are concerned for the health of their little son George, who has been very poorly for some time.

SK. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book- store of G. S. Wall, T. E. Acheson and J. Treva's.]

APR. 5.—Fred and Kenneth Young expect to spend the Easter vacation in Boston.

Miss Lillian Taylor went to St. John on Thursday last to visit friends.

Mrs. W. W. Inches is quite ill, suffering from an attack of the grippe.

Miss Alice Graham was the hostess last week of a thimble party given in honor of Miss May Morris of St. Andrews.

Henry D. Pike is visiting relatives in Baltimore, Maryland.

Miss Vesta Moore is visiting friends in Wash- ington.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Saunders have returned from Portland.

Mrs. J. G. Stevens entertained a few friends on Thursday evening.

Todd Murchie is at home from Waterville to spend the Easter vacation.

Mrs. C. F. Beard and Miss Berta Smith gave a five o'clock tea on Saturday afternoon for the pleasure of their guests, Miss Gertrude Nickerson.

Miss Florence Rennie is home from Rogers' hall to spend the Easter vacation.

Mrs. Franklin Eaton has returned from Provid- ence.

Chas. A. Boardman has returned to Quebec after a visit of two weeks in Calais.

Yvonne Whitman left on Friday to spend the Easter holidays in Norway, Me.

Mrs. C. M. Gove has returned to St. Andrews.

Mrs. A. L. Clapp has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., to visit friends.

Mrs. Fred White entertained the Traveller's Whist Club on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Lewis Dexter, Jr., gave a very pleasant at- home at her residence on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. W. B. Ganong has returned from a visit in Boston.

Jas. L. Thompson, sr., has been in Portland on a business trip.

Mrs. Helen Glimmer spent Thursday and Friday in St. John.

Mrs. Mary Peabody and Mrs. Harriet Washburn have gone to Hartford, Conn., to visit Rev. Harry Peabody.

Mrs. W. B. Belyea of Woodstock is visiting in town.

Miss Nellie Langly has been the guest of Mrs. A. I. Teed during the past week.

Mrs. Dorell Glimmer made a brief stay in town this week returning to St. Andrews on Tuesday.

The Misses Young attended military openings in St. John last week.

The friends of Geo. F. Webber will be pleased to learn that he now holds the position of second hand and his brother, Harry Webber, that of loom fixer in the weave room of the Acosthett mill at New Bedford, Mass.

Chas. Maxwell of Union Mills went to Sydney on Tuesday.

Miss McKensie of Ferrisboro, N. S., is the guest of Miss Etta DeWolfe.

Mrs. Wilbur of St. John spent a day or two here during the past week. She has rented a dwelling here and, with Mr. Wilbur, will occupy it in May.

Miss Carrie F. Murchie is home from Quincy, Mass., for a short holiday.

Mrs. W. A. Murchie entertained the whist club of which she is a member on Friday evening.

R. Kellie Jones of St. John was in town this week on a business trip.

Miss Anna Eaton who attended Miss Wheeler's school, is at home for a short holiday.

Jas. L. Thompson, jr., is in Boston for a few days this week.

The Popular whist club enjoyed a delightful meeting at the residence of Mrs. James Mitchell

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

Chalmers Do-son's, Spirit's Perfom- ed, Duval, 17, Waterloo.

Two Truths. Fact One---You cannot get better soap than WELCOME. Fact Two---You can buy WELCOME as low as you can buy any soap of quality, so what is the sense of buying inferior soap bearing some little known brand, when WELCOME does the work easier and gives better satisfaction in every way. Insist on having Welcome.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Corticelli Skirt Protector is all wool and the wool is selected for its elasticity, fineness and softness. It has a porous, elastic weave. It will not chafe the finest shoes. It is better than any other Skirt Protector because there is no cotton in it. Any "binding" with cotton in it will skrink and pucker the skirt. When the pile wears off it will wear the gloss off your shoes. Corticelli Protector will outwear the skirt. Sewed on flat, not turned over—The genuine is labelled Corticelli.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL,—"Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES] E. G. SCOVIL (62 Union Street

Handicap your Cough! Don't wait a few days to see if it will "wear off"; it is much more likely to become dangerous and it will undoubtedly be much more difficult to cure. The longer you permit it to prey upon the delicate membranes of your throat, bron- chial tubes and chest, the more you render yourself susceptible to other attacks and to chronic pneumonia or consumption. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is an infallible remedy; for more than 30 years it has been curing the worst cases and it will surely cure you. 25 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS. Buctouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lecchetinsky" Method; also "Synthe System for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Agol Belle) of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

Fry's Cocoa has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield. It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

FOR ADDITION TO SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and counters. HENSON & CO. Barrington street. GARDNER NEWS CO. Cor. George & Granville Sts. R. E. FRENCH. Brunswick street. J. W. ALLEN. Dartmouth N. St. Queen Bookstore. 109 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFoy. 111 Brunswick St.

APRIL 5.—Doubtless like all other provincial cities just at present the Garrison City is in sackcloth and ashes, so to speak, on account of Lent. Gaeties have been suspended and the theatre seems to be the only amusement the people are indulging in, but they are doing this to the limit. Of the Valentine Co., playing here the "Boozer" says: "The popularity of the Valentine company could not be better attested to than last evening, when they opened their second week to the largest audience of the engagement. The standard English comedy, 'The School for Scandal,' was the bill and the company scored another marked success the piece being well acted, beautifully costumed and handsomely staged.

The lady members of the company have become the biggest kind of favorites. Miss Benette received a most hearty reception, and she also presented with a handsome bouquet, her Lady Teale was in keeping with all her other impersonations, —of the very best. Ed. R. Mawson was received with applause on almost every entrance and exit; he was a splendid Charles and which ranked with his other splendid performances. Jack Webster was also remarkably good as Joseph Surface; he has a handsome manly appearance and is besides a clever actor. Chas. Fleming has had no such opportunities heretofore as in Sir Peter, and gave a fine performance of the role. Miss Blanche, Messrs. Evans, Morrison and others contributed their share to the general success of the performance.

Mr. Mawson made a speech thanking the audience for their patronage, and announcing the School For Scandal again tonight, Partisan Romance on Wednesday and Thursday evenings and mentioned the company would return in October.

M. A. Beal, formerly of the Wanderers A. A. C. who has been home to England on a trip, is in the city again on his way back to the West. A. R. Corwell and A. D. Johnston have returned from a trip through the provinces. Richard Porter is taking a position with G. R. Anderson. N. A. Rhodes and M. D. Pride of Amherst are in the city.

Col. A. W. Anstruther-Duncan, half-pay, has been appointed a Colonel on the staff to command the Royal Artillery in the Cork District. Mrs. P. G. Parker and Miss Grant left for Kentville Wednesday, where they will be the guests of friends. Mrs. Fred De Wolfe, of Halifax, is visiting with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Schaffer, Truro, accompanied by her friend, Miss Parker. W. E. Lagan, 1st officer of S. S. Faraday, is in the city.

F. J. Nash, editor Charlottetown Patriot, arrived in the city last evening. He is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. McKay, 22 Brunswick street. J. J. Stewart, of the Halifax Herald, and Mrs. Stewart arrived at Ottawa yesterday accompanied by Mrs. Sedgewick, wife of Judge Sedgewick; they go south to the other city.

R. L. Borden, Q. C. of Halifax, returned to N. S. and took his seat in the Commons yesterday. Miss Carmichael and Miss McGregor of New Glasgow, are visiting the capital. H. L. Chipman, Supt. of the Plant Line, arrived there on Sunday night from Halifax; his mission is in regard to through traffic.

H. T. Jones has arrived home after an extended trip. Among other places he visited were the principal cities in North Carolina. Mr. Harry Essoon has recovered from his recent illness. Bishop Courtney returned from Southern California on Friday evening. Sunday morning he preached in St. Luke's cathedral. Before beginning his sermon he made a touching reference to the death of Capt. Clarkson. Last evening his Lordship conferred a large class at St. Paul's. Next Sunday morning he will confirm at St. Luke's.

Mrs. S. B. Steele has returned to Montreal and will live with her mother there until the return of Colonel Steele from South Africa. William Dixon of this city is going to Colorado shortly. J. W. Ousley, of Windsor, is at the Halifax. Lieut-Col. Morris of the N. W. Mounted Police, is at the Halifax. Mr. John F. Stairs left for England today. Mrs. H. C. MacLeod and Master Norwood MacLeod are stopping at the Waverley, prior to their departure for Toronto on the return of Mr. MacLeod from Europe.

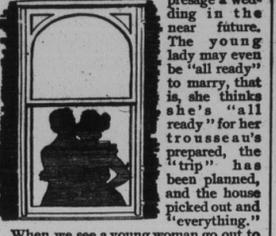
Rhodan Keith, who went to England to take a commission in the Royal Artillery; and G. W. C. Hensley, representing Pickford & Black, were passengers by the Campania, which arrived at Queens-town, Friday. Judge Henry's condition was slightly improved last night. Mr. Wm. Ross, hatter, has so greatly improved as to be convalescing. Albert Clements, Campbell Road, is confined to his home through illness. D. G. Lelch, assistant inspector of works of the Admiralty, is in the city, and paid an official visit to the Dockyard this morning.

F. Burnette, chief stoker at H. M. Dockyard, was called upon again yesterday to mourn the loss of a bright little infant girl, who passed away from pneumonia; this is the second child Mr. Burnette has had deceased within a fortnight.

BRIDGETOWN. APRIL 5.—Miss Annie Sutherland, milliner at Mr. Harvey's was in St. John to the spring opening. Miss Alma Seaborn, who has been visiting her parents, returned to Bridgetown on Friday.

FOURBA GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. S. E. W. Groves' signature on each box.

If "coming events cast their shadows before," those shadows on the blind presage a wedding in the near future. The young lady may even be "all ready" to marry, that is, she thinks she's "all ready" for her trousseau's prepared, the "trip" has been planned, and the house picked out and "everything."



When we see a young woman go out to meet fate that way it brings to mind the Frenchman's saying, of the Charge of the Light Brigade. "It was magnificent but it was not a..." It is magnificent to see the young girl face the future so fearlessly, but it is not life. No young woman is ready for married life unless her physical condition is up to the standard of marriage, in the health of all the delicate womanly organs, and rarely is that the case.

Young women entering upon the state of marriage will find no friend so helpful as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives vigor and elasticity to the organs peculiarly feminine, prevents the drains that ruin the health, and makes the ordeal of motherhood so easy that it is practically almost painless.

"At an early stage of married life," writes Mrs. Flora Ann, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo., "I was greatly bothered with painful periods, also a troublesome drain which rendered me very weak and unfit for work of any kind. I became so thin there was nothing left of me but skin and bone. My husband became alarmed and got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription.' After he saw the wonderful effects of that one he got me two more and after I used those up there was no more pain, and I began to gain in flesh very rapidly.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advertiser answers every question. It is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. For the cloth edition 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

ents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Seaborn of Centreville, has returned to resume the care of her school at Virginia, Annapolis Co.

Mr. Henry Hicks has secured a position with the Union Bank of Halifax, and entered upon his duties on Thursday last as clerk at the Lawrence-town agency.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Crowe left to day on a trip to St. John. Mrs. Harshb, of the Telephone Central, spent part of last week with friends in Kentville and Mid-dleton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckwith were in St. John this week. Miss Katharine Pratt who has been spending several weeks with friends in Windsor, Kentville and Wolfville, returned home on Monday.

All styles of society printing done at the most attractive and up to date form. Mail orders a specialty. Prompt attention given to all applications for quotations and with due economy. Progress Job Print.

YARMOUTH. APRIL 5.—Hon. David McPherson, manager of the Y. S. Co., went to Halifax Friday last. He returned this week. Mr. Geo. J. Morton, who has been confined to his residence since Monday, is better.

Mr. F. H. Armstrong, general passenger agent D. A. R., arrived in town on Wednesday. Messrs. R. A. Gardner and F. E. Robbins, of the D. A. R., and Yarmouth S. S. Co., respectively, are doing considerable missionary work in the village, along the line of the Coast Railway.

Mr. H. T. Sutherland, one of the contractors for the Coast Railway, is in town. Mr. William Fraser, assistant superintendent of the D. A. R., arrived in Yarmouth by Saturday's train and remained until Thursday morning, when he returned to Kentville.

Mr. Howard Gridley left by star, Boston Friday night, for Philadelphia where he has accepted a position. Mrs. T. M. Lewis left yesterday morning by train to visit her daughter Mrs. Westbrook in Berwick.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard of Tucker Hill, were passengers to Boston on Saturday evening to remain during the summer. The death occurred at Hebron Wednesday morning of Mrs. Matilda Trask, widow of Mr. George R. Trask, and daughter of the late Nelson Corning, Esq., of Chebogue. She had been afflicted for some time with cancer, which resulted in her death. Mr. Trask died in April 29, 1892. Mrs. Trask was 69 years of age, and was the mother of five children, three of whom survive her. The funeral will take place on Thursday at 2 o'clock.

The remains of the late Mr. Harold Foote, son of the late Mr. James Foote, of Chebogue, who died in Haverhill, Mass., arrived here per steamer Boston on Saturday morning. The Boston also brought the remains of Elizabeth Dill, of Windsor, who died in Cambridge, Mass., of cancer, on the 27th March, aged 69 years and 4 months.

Wm. Law, Esq., M. P. P., accompanied by Mrs. Law, returned from Halifax on Saturday, and are stopping at the Grand. Mrs. Law will be 'at home' to her friends on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week at the Grand. The late residence of the late W. C. Pitfield, on Gainsmill street, St. John, N. B., has been purchased by Mr. L. G. Crosby, formerly of Yarmouth.

DIGBY. APRIL 4.—Mr. W. B. Stewart is quite ill with a gripe. Maj. J. Daley was in Weymouth last week. Mr. Chas. Turnbull left on Monday for Sydney. Mr. Wm. Ambrose was in Digby on Wednesday. Mrs. George Lynch was a passenger to St. John on Monday. Sheriff Smith was a passenger to Truro on Monday. Miss Ella Burnham went to Annapolis on Monday.

Mrs. J. F. Thomas of Annapolis was in town last week. Mr. Fred Van Tassel, of Mt. Pleasant left for Boston last week. Miss Lillian Eldridge, of Sandy Cove, returned from Boston on Wednesday. Mr. H. L. Dennison was a passenger on the west-bound train on Wednesday.

Miss Edith Nichols was in Digby on Wednesday, on route from Boston to Halifax. Mr. N. A. Rhodes of the firm of Rhodes, Curry & Co. of Amherst, was in town last week. Mrs. N. W. Hogg was a passenger to Annapolis on Friday, returning home Saturday afternoon. Mr. C. W. Muse has returned from a business

trip to Truro and another place along Digby Neck. Mrs. Nathaniel Westcott of Brighton is dangerously ill. Miss Ruby Chisholm, who has been visiting her home at Windsor returned to Digby on Saturday.

Mrs. Henry Halsey of Yarmouth is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Burnham, First Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckwith arrived from St. John, via Prince Rupert on Wednesday and left by the express for Bridgetown.

Mr. E. A. Rooney was a passenger to Bridgetown on Tuesday to attend the funeral of his late grandfather, Mr. Daniel E. Jordan. Mrs. Botford Dakin, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Daniel Coseboom, returned home on Wednesday from their Boston visit.

Mrs. D. L. Morton, of Trout Cove, was a passenger to Bridgetown on Tuesday to attend the funeral of her father, the late Daniel E. Jordan. Capt. J. E. Trask and family who have been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Halsey, have left for San Francisco, California.

Messrs. L. E. and R. S. Snyder, of Marshalltown were passengers to Boston on Wednesday where they will reside during the summer. The Misses Chisholm and Banks of J. F. Saunders' Military establishment were in St. John last week attending the military openings.

Miss Katharine McCormick, telephone operator at Weymouth, will assist at the Yarmouth central, for a few weeks, while Miss Magee visits friends in Philadelphia.

TRURO. [Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O'Neil, J. A. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.] APRIL 4.—Mrs. D. T. Hanson and Miss Hanson gave an exceedingly pleasant evening to a number of their friends last Wednesday evening in honor of their guest, Mrs. Ralph Eaton from Kentville.

What occupied the first part of the evening and after an elaborate and most appetizing supper, had been discussed, an impromptu dance was enjoyed until well into the small hours. Among those present beside the house party were: Dr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Vernon, Miss Maud Archibald, Misses Thomas, Miss Ida Snook, Miss Sara Logan, Miss Clara Faulkner, Messrs. H. Fowler, E. Vernon, Ogilvie.

Mrs. (Capt.) Mahon entertained a large party at which on Monday evening last. Mrs. J. N. Allen, Halifax, spent a day or two last week with her sister, Mrs. Robert Douglas. Mrs. Mackay Wallace is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. L. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Eville are domiciled in their new home, Mr. A. Ford's cottage on Queen street. Mrs. W. E. Bligh is visiting Halifax friends. P.S.

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the tea-pot." Well cheap tea—steeped instead of steeped—caused the saying. Good tea properly brewed, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as for instance, Teley's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

WOLFVILLE. APRIL 5.—President Trotter filled the pulpit of the Windsor baptist church on Sunday. Dr. Lawrence was out again on Wednesday, after a severe illness of some weeks. Mr. E. Blackadder agent and lecturer of the Grand Division S. of T., who has been laboring since October in the western counties, arrived home on Saturday afternoon, last for a few weeks vacation.

Dr. K. Keir has again been appointed one of the examiners at Newton Theological Seminary, and left on Wednesday morning to assume his duties. He expects to return on Monday next. This is an especial honor conferred on the Dr. as he is the only one of last year's examiners who was appointed this year.

The Athenaeum society arranged for a lecture which was given in Colburn hall last Wednesday evening by Rev. Chas. A. Eaton, M. A., pastor of the Bloor street baptist church, Toronto, on "Anglo-Saxonism."

Mr. J. D. Chambers moved this week to the residence which he lately purchased on Highland avenue from Mr. J. E. Forsyth. The very desirable residence which he has just vacated, next the 'campus' is now for rent on understanding.

The Shakespearean recital to be given Friday evening in College hall by the young ladies of the seminary was a very pleasing entertainment. Miss Hall the talented teacher of elocution, had the management of the recital as regards the quality of the programme. The Wolfville orchestra assisted.

The young people of the baptist mission band gave a concert in Temperance hall Saturday evening. The members of the band and some of their friends had for several weeks been busily preparing for this concert and the programme offered was worthy of the attention of the public. The proceeds were for Foreign missions.

All styles of society printing done in the most attractive and up to date form. Mail orders a specialty. Prompt attention given to all applications for quotations and with due economy. Progress Job Print.

ANNAPOLIS. APRIL 5.—John How, of Furness, Withy & Co's office, Montreal, is home enjoying a ten day's visit. Fred Moore, who has been sick in Boston for some weeks, arrived home Wednesday.

J. B. Mills, M. P., has been confined to his hotel at Ottawa with a slight attack of la grippe, but is now better. Fred Bayfield of Charlottetown who has been attending McGill college, Montreal, is visiting his brother, Dr. Geoff Bayfield.

Mrs. H. L. Clarke returned Wednesday from the military marts of Boston and New York. Capt. John Gesser, of the schooner John S. Parker, and Mrs. Gesser, who has been accompanying her husband on several voyages, arrived home Wednesday. Capt. Gesser left his vessel at Jacksonville, Fla., and will remain on shore for a while as he is not enjoying the best of health.

The sympathy of the public goes out to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Langlein on the occasion of the death at noon Sunday of their little four months old son. Miss Alma Seaborn who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Seaborn of Centreville,

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SPECIAL.—Also a purchase of nearly 2,000 yards Black Brocaded Repped Mohair. Regular price, \$1.00; to be sold at 75c., less 20 p. c. and 5 extra for cash. These are new goods, 44 inches wide. Net price, 57c per yard. Rare value.

SILK DEPARTMENT. A full stock of the latest and most fashionable SILKS from the European and American markets.

LADIES' SUITING MATERIALS. In all the latest productions, consisting of Amazon Cloths, Coatings, Tweeds, Camels Hair, Homespun, Cheviots, Coverts, etc. Homespun Suitings "extra value" 54 inches wide, 90c a yard. New Fashionable Checks and Plaids for Skirts, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.60. Bengaline (all shades) 50c, 75c, \$1.25. Navy Blue Serges and Coatings, all prices. "Special" lines Navy Serges, 50c, 55c, 60c, 70c. 44 inches wide. Full assortment of Serges, all shades, 70c per yard, 44 inches wide. A special line of all wool French Cashmere, 45 in. wide, fine shades, 55c per yard.

PRINT DEPARTMENT. The range of New Goods is complete and includes the latest effects in Ginghams, French Cambrics, Oxford, Zephyrs, Dress Satens, Fancy Piques, Scotch Madras, White and Colored Duck, Khaki, Cretonnes, Chintz Taffetas, Plain and Fancy Denims, and Tickings, etc., etc.

QUEEN QUALITY SHOES. SEND FOR CATALOGUE which contains photographic reproductions of each Shoe as carried in stock, with sizes, width, prices, etc.

New Department of ARTISTIC HOUSE DECORATION. Including PAPER HANGINGS of every description, displaying a superb collection of Wall Hangings for the coming season.

The Assortment consists only of the Newest Designs and Colorings, specially selected for a high class trade. At the same time due regard has been given to values and intending purchasers are invited to compare Prices, Qualities and Designs. For bedrooms and sitting rooms there are Pretty, Artistic and Floral Designs, both Embossed and Brocaded. Also Chintz and Satin Stripes, prices ranging from 8c, 10c, 15c, 20c and upwards per roll.

For Dining Rooms, Halls and Libraries, there are printed Burials and Canvas effects. Tapestry, Morris, Turkish, Colonial, Heraldic, Empire and Conventional Designs, in a wide range of prices from 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 50c up per roll. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Samples sent and every information supplied.

HENRY MORGAN & CO. MONTREAL.

has returned to resume the care of her school at Virginia, Annapolis. J. Victor Mills son of J. B. Mills, M. P. left on Monday for Sarnia, Ont., where he has secured a position in the agency of the Bank of Montreal at that place. "Vic's" many friends will loth to see him leave Annapolis with his every success in his start in life. He was about to go with the forces from this country who help make up the provisional garrison at Halifax, but received a telegram announcing his appointment to his present position just a few days previous to the time the troops were due to leave.

Capt. Joshua Slocum held forth at the Academy Tuesday night and was greeted by a very small audience. The Captain spoke in a genial, conversational manner and seemed to be entertaining a group of friends, rather than a public audience. His narrative was of lively interest, and the views with which it was illustrated were very fine, many of them being taken by the captain personally. Capt. Slocum left on Wednesday for Boston, where he is under contract to fill several engagements. It is his intention to visit Annapolis in the summer in his now famous sloop Spray.

We are pleased to inform our readers that Rich J. Unalcke, Esq., who has been confined to his bed some time with a severe case of sickness, is getting much better.

OUT OF SORTS?

If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion.

Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER. 6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 6s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE. 6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots. They have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

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Black Brocaded Repped 75c., less 20 p. c. and 5

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THE SUN, New York.

A WISE MOTHER. Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex...

GAFFNEYTON. Mrs. G. A. Fawcett and Miss Sadie spent Sunday in Bel River.

WATERLOO. Mrs. Charles French left a few days ago for New Wharfedale, where Mr. French proceeded her a few months ago.

WATERLOO. Mrs. Charles French left a few days ago for New Wharfedale, where Mr. French proceeded her a few months ago.

A Torpid Liver

Leaves Too Much Bile in the Blood to Poison the System and Cause Pains in the Back and Under the Left Shoulder Blade.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Sallow complexion, pain under the left shoulder blade and biliousness [are unmistakable signs of a torpid, sluggish liver. Too much bile is left in the blood and the whole system is poisoned.]

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL

on Thursday evening. The favors for choosing partners for the game were they silk Union Jacks with the names of the various British generals and bequeathed upon them. The prizes were won by Miss Irene Eaton and George Eaton, Mrs. W. R. Ganong and Miss Kate Washburn. After the game there was some music and dancing and supper was served at twelve o'clock. Ira L. Wasmatake formerly with the bark to Nova Scotia in St. Stephen, is now attached to the head office staff in Toronto. His brother went with the first Canadian contingent to South Africa and is reported missing from Bloemfontein since March 18th.

Mrs. A. I. Teed gave a thimble party last Friday evening which was a most pleasant affair. Miss Cora Maxwell is visiting Miss Brainerd at Robinson. Mrs. I. W. Leeman and Mrs. McDermott returned on Saturday from Boston and New York where they attended leading business openings. Miss Noble Marchie has gone to Boston for a visit of a week. Miss Florence Sullivan has returned from a delightful visit with friends in Halifax. Mrs. Frank Stoop is in St. Andrews visiting Mrs. G. D. Grimmer. Hal Boardman who is a student at Bowdoin college is at home for a brief vacation. Mrs. Frank Woods gave a thimble party at her home yesterday afternoon for the pleasure of Miss Gertrude Nickerson.

ST. GEORGE.

April 5—Lent is slipping away and already we are looking forward to Easter. There has been very little going on socially. Society has been making up for its sins of omission and commission. Some have been steadily going to church Wednesday and Friday evening, while others have taken advantage of the weeks of quiet to stay at home and which to smother the beholder later on. Mrs. A. B. Baldwin and Mrs. Wallace have returned from St. John, where they have been to attend the military openings. Mrs. A. E. Lavers entertained at tea on Monday evening Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Miss Gillespie, Miss Russell and Dr. Alexander. The friends of Mr. Fred McMaster and Mr. Guy Church will regret to hear of their serious illness with little hope of recovery. Mrs. Thomas Armstrong, Jr., is also ill with lung trouble. Miss Annie McVicar is on her way home from Florida. Miss Lizzie Dewar is contemplating a trip to Boston. Mr. James O'Brien has returned from Fredericton. Miss Seely and Miss Bessie O'Brien enjoyed a few days visit recently with Mr. Gilmour Stewart, Second Falls. Rev. Mr. Lavers administered the rite of holy baptism to William McMaster on Sunday at the Sunday evening service. The right hand of fellowship was so extended. Both services were very solemn and impressive. Miss Bessie Stewart spent Sunday with friends in town.

FERRISBORO.

(FERRISBORO is for sale at the Ferrisboro Bookstore) Rev. H. K. and Mrs. McLean went to Truro on Wednesday to be present at the marriage of Mrs. McLean's brother, Rev. J. Muaro to Miss Blanch Nelson. Mrs. C. B. Smith, Amherst, is here on account of the illness of her father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Gavin who have influenza. The larger half of the population is suffering from the same disease some very seriously. Rev. and Mrs. McQuarrie are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter. Everybody hailed with pleasure the arrival of the Evangelists on Monday to begin her trips for the season. Miss Hattie Pettis has returned from an extended visit in Sussex. Miss Maudie Gillespie attended the military openings in Halifax. Miss Winnie Cove, Springfield, is the guest of Mrs. Hayes. Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman, Springfield, have been paying a visit to their son and his wife. Rev. E. M. Dill spent a short time here on his way to Wolfville. Dr. McDougall, Truro, has been in town introducing the lymph cure. Miss Clara Kirkpatrick is spending some weeks in Halifax and Truro. The boy choir which Mr. Charles Hillcoat is training will sing on Easter morning, their first appearance in church. Mr. Leitcher, St. John, is in Truro at the Grand Central. Miss Annie Lavers left on Wednesday for Lowell Mass., where her sister Miss Alice Lavers is very ill.



An Easter Package.

Faster Sunday, with Easter lilies white and pure, and the dainty dresses of women and children, will make you especially particular that on this day your linen shall be irreproachable.

Let Us Launder It.

Costs no more to have your linen laundered our way than the ordinary way. Phone 214.

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"Want of Watchfulness Makes a Thief."

Many cases of poor health come from want of watchfulness. Be if you keep your blood pure no thief can steal your health.

The one effective natural blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair when she turned to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Six bottles of this medicine completely cured her." JOHN WICKHAM, Galt, Ont.

Scrofula—Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me." SARAH E. DEWOLY, Annapolis, N. S.



Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Rev. Joseph Sellers officiated in Grace Methodist church on Sunday. Rev. D. Wright and Rev. H. K. McLean exchanged pulpits for the day. Mr. Bowen, Truro has been staying at Hotel Alphas for a few weeks.

Jealous Anglers.

Early in the week Messrs. G. T. Black, Robert Baxter and Charles Huggard of North End returned from New Limerick near Houlton, Me., where they had been after lake trout. They were right on the heels of the close season, which ended March 31st, but not in the least amenable to the law. However when they arrived home with 87 big speckled beauties and several land locked salmon they were soon after visited by Capt. Pratt of the Dominion man-of-war "Curlew". He wanted to know if they had been caught all right, that is, without the aid of nets and was satisfied that his suspicions were unfounded. But a lot of jealous anglers in town, men of more than moderate means, still harped upon the "suspectiousness" of the trout capture, but dared not make any charge. Mr. Black and party say they fished through holes in the ice and the trout bit ravenously.

Croquet at St. Helena.

The Island of St. Helena, famous in history as the place where the British kept the great Napoleon as a state prisoner from October, 1815, to his death in May, 1821, has been selected by the British military authorities as a place of confinement for General Cronje and other Boer prisoners until the end of the war. It lies in the South Atlantic, 1,200 miles from the western coast of Africa, and 800 miles from Ascension Island, the nearest land.

Queen Victoria and Her People.

Queen Victoria went to London for the 8th of March for a few days' stay at Buckingham Palace, and her arrival was made the occasion of a popular demonstration of welcome and rejoicing. Moved perhaps by the special bravery shown by the Irish regiments in South Africa, the queen gave directions that the shamrock should be worn by the Irish regiments on St. Patrick's day; and she has announced her purpose to make a visit to Ireland, for the first time since 1861.

Unconscious Contempt of Court.

In a case of criminal libel that was heard not long ago a lady had gone into the witness box on behalf of the plaintiff, whose counsel was examining her. "Now, madam," the lawyer began, "please repeat the slanderous statements made by the defendant on this occasion, just as you heard them." "Oh, they are unfit for any respectable person to hear!" was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the examiner, coaxingly, "suppose you just whisper them to the judge."

Its Origin.

The world is mine! shouted Monte Cristo. Thus was the first intimation of the Standard Oil Trust given to the universe.

Only two Kinds.

She—I'd like to go to the theatre to night.

He—All right. Which would you rather see—a bad good play, or a good bad play?

A Test.

"Love," cried the poet, "love will conquer all things!" "H'm!" replied the misanthrope; "did you ever try it on the grip?"

The Family Opinion.

Her Father—I think that young Dudley who's calling here is pretty small potatoes. Her Little Brother—Guess that's why she's mashed on him.

MANY KINDS OF OLIVES.

They are Imported in Casks Only from Spain and Bottled Here. Most of the olives eaten in this country come from a territory of about a hundred miles in diameter, around the city of Seville, in Spain. They are imported in casks of 160 gallons each, the importations, varying with the crop, ranging from 3,000 to 6,000 casks a year, and averaging about 4,000 casks.

Olives are sorted in Spain, according to sizes, and each big cask is filled with olives of approximately the same size. There are twelve trade sizes. Formerly the several sizes were described by names; now they are more commonly known in the trade by numerical designations, the names indicating the number of olives to the kilogramme. Thus, 75's means olives that will count from 70 to 80 to the kilogramme.

The olives are imported in brine. Formerly many olives were imported already put up in bottles, but almost all the olives sold in this country are now packed here. The work is done chiefly by women and girls. There are ingenious machines for pitting olives that are put up bottled, but no machine has yet been invented for putting the olives into the bottles with the symmetrical arrangement in which they are now so commonly seen. This work, the building of the wall of olives around the inside of the bottle, where it may be seen through the glass, is all done by hand the filler placing each olive in the bottle separately with tongs made for the purpose every olive and row being arranged with care and precision, so that the effect of the whole is attractive and pleasing. This is slow work for beginners, but experts come to fill bottles very rapidly, and perfectly as well, and with such deftness of touch on the tongs as not to bruise or mar the olives in the handling. The interior space having been packed to its capacity the bottle is filled with a specially prepared brine, to its capacity, to be then corked, capped and labelled, the bottles being then packed in cases.

Olives are put up in a great variety of packages; a single packer in New York uses bottles in a hundred different sizes and styles. Olives are put up in better shape in this country than anywhere else. The glass used in making the American bottles is more perfect in form, the olives are more handsomely packed in the bottles and the bottles are better labelled, the whole package, in fact, is better and more sightly in appearance.

Olives are packed nowadays in this country in other cities than New York, but the chief importations come to this port, and more olives are packed here than at any other point. From this city olives are distributed all over the country, and carload lots of olives, either in bulk or in glass, are not uncommon shipments.

No Sport or, he Mis-took the Word. Farmer Greene—"I don't know what her denice tew make out of our new colored neighbor, Peleg. I think he's pulmb loony." Peleg—"Haow's thet?" Farmer Greene—"Wa-al, tew be friendly like, sez I tew him this mornin'; 'Haow's craps, neighbor?' 'So-so, sez he, pullin' out three little dices. 'Wud yo' lisk tee mingie do bones wid me dis mawnin'?' Naow what dew yew think o' thet?"

Some Works Required. It is well not to overstep the line beyond which the exercise of faith becomes something like negligence. "I tell you, brudders" exclaimed a young colored pastor, which was preaching a sermon on faith, "we haven't half enough of it! De Lord will watch over our up-risin' an' our down-settin' if we only got faith like a grain o' musta'd seed! He

What's Wrong With Kansas? An eastern travelling through Kansas recently heard a great many tall corn stories, and thought he would tell some of them in a home letter. This is how he did it:

"Most of the streets are paved the grains of corn being used for cobblestones, while the cobs are hollowed out and used for sewer pipe. The husk when taken off whole and stood on end makes a nice tent for the children to play in. It sounds queer to hear the feed man tell the driver to take a dozen grains of horse feed over to Jackson's livery stable. If it were not for soft, deep soil here I don't see how they ever would harvest the corn, as the stalks would grow up in the air as high as a Methodist church steeple. However, when the ears get too heavy their weight presses the stalk down in the ground on an average of ninety-two feet; this brings the ear near enough to the ground to be chopped off with an axe."

The Opinion of a Home-Hunter. "Oh, what a perfectly delightful, great big bedroom!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenspot to the agent who was showing her a house with the view of renting it.

"I beg your pardon, madam," replied the agent, "but that is not a bedroom. It is a closet."

"A closet? Gracious! it's too small entirely for a closet."

The Part She Didn't Like. The other day, a wee little woman who lives in a suburb saw and heard a donkey for the first time, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She talks about it continually after getting home. It was a "good donkey"; it was also a "beautiful donkey." In fact, the child went completely through her small store of adjectives. And when her

father came home at night he heard the adjectives all over again.

"And so you liked the donkey, darling, did you?" he asked, taking the tiny lass on his knee. "Oh, yes, papa, I liked him. That is, I liked him pretty well, but I didn't like to hear him donk."

Disease Grows Flourish in Dirty Carpets. Have your carpets and the colors restored by our famous renovating process. Also dyeing done without injury to pile. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58.

Advertisement for Pure Hard Soap SURPRISE SOAP. MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY.

Colonel Baden Powell, who, at the outbreak of the Transvaal war, asked to be placed in "a warm corner," has now held his "little corner" long enough to break all British siege records, including that of Lucknow. The place he has held so long, by the way, is pronounced Mah-king, not Malt-king. In regard to the optional himself, Dr. Haig Brown, his former headmaster at Charter House has this to say: "I notice that the name is invariably mispronounced," said the doctor. The 'a' in Baden is generally given the sound 'ab,' but it should have the usual sound of 'a,' as in 'Bathing Towel,' which was his nickname among the boys at school. The boy was essentially the father of the man; he was very active, lively full of fun and exceedingly popular with his schoolfellows."

The Colonel's father was the late Professor Baden-Powell, and he is descended on his mother's side from a family which achieved distinction in the naval service. He was educated at Charter House, and at the age of nineteen he joined the 18th Hussars, serving as adjutant with his regiment in India, Afghanistan, in South Africa. Thus he made the acquaintance to be resumed on more than one memorable occasion afterward. He was despatched to Cape Town again in 1887 as assistant military secretary to General Sir Henry Smith. He held his appointment for two years, and during that period he served in the Zululand operations, and came in for mention in the despatches—always an honor, but even more so in those days than now.

Then he was appointed Military Secretary to the Governor of Malta, who, though he had no power to do so, gave him the local and temporary rank of major. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was Commander-in-Chief at the time, and by his command Baden-Powell had to substitute two stars for the one crown on his shoulder cords. His next step made him the youngest colonel in the British army.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. W. Knapp, 200 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich. Please send free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have commenced life in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculations.

Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his twentieth year, and commenced to operate with his small savings of \$200.00 in Wall Street left at his death 70 millions of dollars; Russell Sage who worked as a grocery boy at \$4.00 per week and whose present wealth is estimated at 100 millions of dollars is still operating the market, although 80 years of age, and so are thousands of others, who are enjoying all the luxuries life can offer, which is due to their success in speculation.

To the shrewd speculator the same opportunities are open to-day as to others in the past. The small-estillon which can be bought and sold is 10 shares on \$2 margin, making \$0 dollars.

Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letter free of charge upon application by letter to:

GEORGE SKALLER & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS, CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG., 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ELECTION CARDS. To the Electors of the City of St. John: I shall be a Candidate for the Office of MAYOR.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—I shall be a Candidate for the Office of MAYOR.

To the Electors of the City of St. John: I shall be a candidate for the office of MAYOR.

To the Electors of the City of St. John: I shall be a candidate for the office of MAYOR.

Advertisement for BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" bicycle. 1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 24 in. tubing, bush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, \$35.00; with Morgan & Wright tires, \$27.50; with Dunlop tires, \$40.00. Men's, 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20 and 22 inch frames. Black and maroon ANY GEAR. TO INTRODUCE these bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$1.00. The \$1.00 is as a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of cash or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to the work done for us. WHEELS SHIPMENT, \$5.00 to \$55.00. Price lists free. Secure agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

Advertisement for GEORGE SKALLER & CO. BANKERS & BROKERS, CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG., 60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

A MIXTURE OF OFFENSES.

Magistrate Ritchie Disposed of a Variety of Cases Last Monday.

A variety of cases were introduced into the Police Court last Monday morning, in fact Monday morning is pretty nearly always sure to be interesting in Magistrate Ritchie's domain, but the first day of this week was particularly so. His Honor entered the judgement hall, those seating rose from their chairs deferentially and the machinery of justice was set in motion.

A drunk was called and tugging nervously at his hat pleaded guilty. The usual questions, "where did you get that liquor?" etc., were put to him, he being a Saturday night offender, and a fine of four dollars or ten days imposed.

Liquor-lover number two straightforwardly acknowledged his guilt. A handsome fellow, whose confused actions and genuine blushes of shame told that he was somewhat of a stranger to the situation. He was fined eight dollars or twenty days in jail, and after a few minutes a friend handed over the required amount to the clerk and the prisoner was freed.

The next fellow on the prisoner's bench was a lad from the country. He had come in from Sussex, how or when he could not clearly recollect, but when the police found him he was in a perfectly helpless state of intoxication, so much so that he had to be carried to the place of incarceration. Waking up, as it were, in the presence of a city judge and without any friends about the Sussex lad was in a bad plight. He told that he got his liquor in the country, and was fined, or go to jail.

An old offender next faced the Magistrate. It was no new experience to him. Beside being drunk and violently resisting the officers who lugged him to the Water street lockup, he had badly bitten the thumb of one of them. For this show of blood thirstiness His Honor added to the penalty and said \$24 and 3 months jail.

In defence the whiskey-throated jail frequenter said: "Shure they must be choked me purty harrud for Oi hov a sore throath now, yer Haner oar!"

A whole flock of Assyrians gathered about the Clerk next, like a miniature of the Cronje capture. They were there in answer to a summons about business licenses. The Chamberlain's receipts for taxes were presented, but it was explained after frantic efforts that they must get the proper papers from the Mayor's office. It finally turned out that most of the summoned foreigners did their selling outside of city limits.

Then an Erin street householder had an Erin street groceryman up for threatening to break his neck, which was only a very late phase of a long-standing bad feeling between them. The householder had owed the grocery \$20 00 since Christmas and seemed loathe to pay it, while the man of sugar and soap was becoming wroth about it, and swore he'd sue for the amount. He said he had called several times for the money, but the debtor's wife had locked the door in his face. In reply to his threat of suing the account the householder said he would have the grocer arrested for insulting his wife on the street, the "insult" turning out to be a reminder "about that little matter." There was no denying that the grocer had threatened to break his neighbour's "head rest," in an excited moment and His Honor fined him two dollars, which was promptly paid.

Matters were just now about in full swing when a Chinaman all out and bruised about the face shuffled into court looking for a whole heap of justices and redress to be served in a chunk.

The Mongolian had no sooner been ushered to a pew when the highly elated Erin street householder, who was about to leave for home, was arrested in full view of everybody by Constable McLeod, and hurried downstairs into the guardroom and thence to the jail. Chief Clarke saw the transaction and knew it to be wrong, as no man can be arrested in a Court of Justice, so after no little flurry of words and argument the prisoner for debt was ordered to court. His wife in the meantime had rushed breathlessly back and established her husband's claim to being illegally arrested but when His Honor offered the householder his liberty as far as his home on Erin street he refused it, saying he intended "wearing out" and might as well do so now as at another time. A compromise was arrived at with the Constable whereby he would pay a quarter a week until the small debt of two year's standing was eliminated. This was not the grocer's

debt, understand.

The Chinaman's case was put off until Tuesday, as was also the case against Mrs. McCutcheon for selling liquor in the old Central House on King Square, a place which of late bears no too good a name.

With the splitting of a few other peace fractures the Magistrate and Clerk sighed deeply, and retired to their offices.

SKETCH OF COACH DRIVERS.

They Viewed St. John's First Horseless Carriage and Criticized.

Coachmen and livery stable men are, if anything, more than average in the matter of mind-your-own-business and perhaps no class of citizen goes about his work with more of that spirit of concentration, which the how-to-succeed writers consider so necessary nowadays. But a veritable lyddite shell burst in the St. John hackmen's camp early in the week—an automobile, or to be more explanatory a vehicle alongside of which the time honored and hill-tested horse cuts no kind of a figure. It was the anti-horroriness of the machine that attracted the cabbies and liverymen, who viewed it at the National Cycle & Automobile Co's headquarters on King street Wednesday with all sorts of eyes, credulous, incredulous, wondering, suspicious and zealous. The inanimate steam cart was critically scrutinized, sarcastically spoken of, its "fish" was quite within the range of the visitor's vision and dire things were predicted for it when it tackled several well-known hills about town.

"Where's the works of the thing any-how?" asked one fellow peering inquiringly up under the vehicle. "It'll talk sure on the first hill," added another, "if more than one person is aboard." "What puzzles me," joined in a third, "is the size of the boiler, they can't stuff me it'll supply steam for a forty mile run, sure it's only a saucepan!" "A mere toy I'd call it," chimed in an observing boss liveryman who had been tooling with the simple mechanism of the rubber-footed steed, "it'll hang out in good condition for a season in this up and down country I'll sell out my string and auction off my outfit."

An amateur engineer, chief on a local steam launch, got down on his back and peered into the mechanical makeup of the horseless carriage. "Well I'll be blowed if she ain't a triple expander!" he gurgled, "but if she lasts any time with a thousand weight to propel on rocky old St. John, I'm beat."

Then the head agent of the automobile concern jumped aboard the vehicle and in a valuable address extolled its virtues. He explained in the most detailed way the workings of it and no question of the horse sceptics was unanswerable to him. The cabbies grew gradually more silent, and at last with their faces somewhat longer than when they entered, but not before reiterating their doubts as to the "coming-to-stay" prospects of the carriage without a horse, they shuffled out into the street.

Now, as they pass the National Cycle & Automobile Co's window in which the horseless carriage is reposing; they look down from their high coach seats, grin a knowing grin, yank at the mouths of their hard-worked but beloved old horses, and sing out "git up!"

Look out for "Bob" Veal.

For the next few weeks in the rush of Easter good things in the markets the usual quantity of "bob" veal will appear, and most of it will be purchased. Pretty nearly everybody knows what the physical penalty is for indulging in this kind of meat and as experience is the best teacher many would not eat of the baby bovine's flesh unless the victualer next thing to supplied a written guarantee as to its age. As soon as the river boats commence to run in the spring veal arrives in town in large consignments, among it being no small number of "bob" carcasses and quarters. A lot of this escapes the honest buyer's notice and he snags it up in his grab for country produce; but the careful merchant inspects the meat thoroughly before pur-

chasing, while some Indiantown dealers have boldly stepped forth and forbade the sale of suspicious looking veal, which was of course a kindness to the community.

Last spring several carcasses were stopped in one day. Sometimes even expert butchers cannot tell whether veal is old enough to eat or not, as was evidenced by a controversy in the country market a few seasons ago. One merchant gave it as his opinion that the veal was six weeks old, another, four weeks old; the third said two months, but in reality the veal had only been born five hours. It was an unusually large carcass. Veal should weigh eighteen pounds per hind quarter before it is fit to eat.

Driving an Accomplishment in St. John.

"Do you know," said a well known city horseman to PROGRESS on Thursday, "that St. John has as many dangerous spots, from the standpoint of a horse driver, as any city in America, proportionately speaking. For instance, what more hurry-scurry corner and crossing would you want than the head of King street at any busy hour of the twenty-four, with the broad square a most tempting gambol-ground for a fractious steed. You have also to be very careful in the rush of teams and cars at the foot of King street, to say nothing of the car track traps. The transfer car on Mill street makes you look about carefully before driving around it, for there is always a mixup of traffic of all kinds at this junction. From the standpoint for a pedestrian that short crossing between the Grand Union Hotel and the depot is a risky one, especially when a coach tries to get to the train in heavy and the coachmen are thinking of everything else, but the people on the streets."

Yes sir, our own little city turns out some clever reinsters, that is horsemen and horsewomen, why? because as I have just told you they are trained to keep a cool head on their shoulders and to be handy with the ribbons when they get into a tight place at any of the many places in town where the teaming tide runs swift, and people and cars interfere."

America's Hymn in the Philippines.

Dean Worcester, one of the best authorities on the Philippine Islands, told a story recently at a dinner party in Washington to show the feeling which the Filipinos entertained for the late General Lawton. A town had been taken, and as usual in Lawton's command, there was no burning or looting, and the head man of the town was greatly affected by the difference between the American occupation and a Spanish occupation some years before, when everything had been destroyed and the inhabitants massacred.

"I was sitting one evening with General Lawton in his little house," said Mr. Worcester, "when a native band came to serenade the officer. I called the leader in, and said that he ought to know the Star Spangled Banner, and whistled it over for him a few times."

"Inside of an hour the band was back again, and playing the American air in good form. A native priest asked General Lawton and myself to attend mass at the church on the following day. We were surprised to hear during the solemn music the strains of America's native air. We were afterward told by the priest that he should always in memory of General Lawton, include the patriotic air in his sacred music at the church."

Harmless Germs.

In the abundant talk about bacteria, during these later years there is cause for alarm to those in whom a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. If the air is swarming with bacilli, say they, where is safety? How shall the human organism protect itself? At first, the wind of science swept us into mad generalization. Germs were everywhere, and all germs were harmful; therefore, the more food, clothing and coins were sterilized, the better for us. Then, when it was discovered that not only the food we eat, the air we breathe, but the surface and cavities of our bodies, swarmed with bacteria, while we might be

enjoying robust health, it was decided that only certain forms of germ growth were harmful. These were labelled with great care and ingenuity, until it seemed as if every disease was at last provided with its specific cause; and as soon as that was done, a farther advance in science made us aware that even a specific disease-germ has no power except under favorable conditions, where the body is disposed to that disease.

Ferdinand Hueppe, the German professor of hygiene, has recently declared that the cause of illness can no longer be regarded as if they were as simple as a problem in botany. No germ, however deadly, can be the sole cause of disease, nor can it produce poisonous effects in more than one body in four, even though it enters them. The conditions prevailing in the cells and fluids of a given body may change the deadly germs of tuberculosis or cholera to harmless products.

"When no susceptibility to disease exists we may harbor the bacillus with impunity."

Therefore, while no care should be omitted to bring about the best sanitary conditions, we need not give way to hysterical horror over germs. By keeping the body in a condition of good general health, we are doing all in our power to thwart the criminal class of bacilli and to give the policeman a game chance.

The Sixteenth Lancers.

Lord Robert's successful application to the war office for the Sixteenth (Queen's) Lancers to be allowed to leave India for the seat of war in South Africa recalls to a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette a story of this famous cavalry regiment. The Sixteenth Lancers is the only regiment of British cavalry that has ever penetrated and broken a square of infantry, and it made this unique record by a fine feat performed at the Battle of Alwal, in the Punjab, in January, 1846.

The gallant Sikhs had thrown themselves into squares, and in this formation they for a long time resisted the desperate charges of the English cavalry just as stubbornly as the British infantry had resisted the French cuirassiers at Waterloo.

Again and again did the Sixteenth Lancers strive to break through the sullen masses of the Sikhs; again and again scores of saddles were emptied, and the British were beaten back with slaughter. As the lancers got close enough to deliver their thrusts, their weapons would splinter like matchwood upon the stout shields of the swarthy foes. Suddenly an inspiration came to the troopers.

Without receiving any orders to that effect, but as if controlled by an unanimous impulse, they suddenly shifted their lances to the bridle hand and charged in once more. The Sikhs, entirely unprepared for this sudden and masterly manoeuvre, received in their bodies instead of on their targets the deadly spear points of the horsemen.

Into and through the "squares swept the Sixteenth, with lances as crimson as their tunics. Even so, it is recorded that the resistance was so desperate and sustained that the Sikh square had to be ridden through again and yet again ere they were finally destroyed and dispersed.

Long Names For Automobiles.

"What is the longest word in the language?" is an inquiry that frequently turns up in an editor's mail. If some other languages were in question, he would dread to see it; the answer would take too much space.

Thus in Berlin one Herr Thien, who has long been prominent in local transportation interests, has recently established a motor cab service. The pleasing German name for his vehicles is "automobil-taxameterroschken." It is said that, despite the preposterous title, the new cabs are remarkably handsome and graceful. But if it is anything in a name, the motor carriages introduced into some parts of Belgium should instantly become swayed and top-heavy. The Flemish word for automobile is "wielvoerdersvoertuigen" and the word for "wielvoerdersvoertuigen" is "wielvoerdersvoertuigen."

ATTRACTIVE POST CARDS.

How the Idea Originated and What It Has Brought About.

It is a truism that the biggest results often start from little things. The German photographer who some years ago sensitized an ordinary postal card and printed a view of his native town upon it, did not dream of the results to follow that astute little venture. Today the making of the pictorial post card has in Germany become a distinct art. A trade paper estimates the number of men engaged exclusively in it at twelve thousand.

During a single season one hundred and forty eight thousand postal cards, bearing the picture of the national Niederwald Monument of Germania, were sent through the post. This beautifully situated memorial, erected to commemorate the success of the Fatherland in the Franco German war, is annually visited by a large number of patriots and foreign tourists. It is little wonder that they send a picture of it to their friends.

It is probably for the same reason that an equal number of Kyfhauser Monument cards go through the post. The old tower of the castle at Heidelberg figured on no less than thirty six thousand cards in one season.

Not only does Germany print these attractive little souvenirs for her own use, but she exports large quantities of them. More than half the total number made go to other countries. South America, Australia, Austria, France, Great Britain, Italy, Russia and Sweden, are the principal customers.

It is no wonder the post cards are in demand, for they are really attractive. The first order of things, when the picture on the card was of very crude workmanship, has passed away. Chambers Journal is responsible for the statement that many of the German cards are now, for finish and clearness of detail, superior to the illustrations of the best monthly magazines.

Topical post cards are in great request. The "Peace Conference" card, with photographs of half a dozen of the peace delegates has lately been a favorite.

So-called "art" post-cards are in vogue at present; abstract subjects handled in line or monochrome by clever artists. A fragile and costly novelty is a thin strip of wood, of regular post-card size, with a scene hand-painted in oils on the back.

Some pictorial post-cards have their views in relief, yet leave the side reserved for the address perfectly flat. Others have facings in silk; that is to say the views are woven in silk. These emanate from Crefeld, the home and centre of the German silk-weaving manufactures, and are comparatively cheap.

One of the very latest cards—and a hundred fresh designs are published every day—is the metachrome card. In this the pictures, colored or otherwise, are coated with a thin layer of white oil paint, making the view underneath look misty, but at the same time rendering it possible to use the whole surface for writing. When the post-card is received, the message is read and the card immersed in water. Instantly the mistiness disappears with the writing and the scene beneath stands forth clearly.

Albums for the insertion of the pictorial post-cards are in request, and the post-card collector bids fair before long to rival the stamp collector.

Not shady.

Among the true and graceful sayings credited to the late Bishop Brooks, is one which is especially well worth remembering. A friend was speaking to the bishop of a clergyman whose congregation had begun to feel that it would be advisable for them to have a younger man in the pulpit. "Oh, well it's the way of the world!" said this person, in reply to an indignant remonstrance on the part of the bishop. "You see, he's on the shady side of sixty-five."

The shady side? echoed the bishop quickly. "You mean the sunny side! It's the side nearest glory!"

A Casual Glance.

Mrs. Hymen—"Did you notice the gentleman who got off the car?" Mrs. Ankus—"The brunette man in a brown suit and derby, wearing a polka-dot scarf and opal pin, chrysanthemum, patent leathers, tan gloves, and smoking a cigarette? I didn't observe him closely. Did he speak to us?"

Oh! "Fish as carmen? What nonsense? Really! Why, even the shade trees!"

at night he heard the ad-... ed the donkey, darling, ... taking the tiny lass on... I liked him. That is, I... ell, but I didn't like the... oush in Dirty Carpet... and and the colors... ous renovating process... without injury to pile... . Dying and Carpet... 28 to \$4 Waterloo... ION CARDS. ...ors of the City of... :... APRIL 2nd, 1900. ...ILEMEN... ...andidate for the Office of... YOR. ...held in this City on the 17th... sollicit your votes and sup... nderstand to perform my du... to use my influence towards... ervices of the City carried on... ously, and believe that my... an Alderman will aid me... lishing this object. ...oor to be... icient servant. ... JOHN W. DANIEL. ...ors of the City of... :... candidate for the office of... YOR. ...held on the 17th instant... as been one of unusual interest... endeavor to perform my... the strictures I have met with... induced me to ask you to... on by re-electing me to the... honor chief magistrate, in the event... luse to do all in my power to... relize and advance the interest... EDW. SEAS. ...SWELL "FLYER" ...new ideas, new design, 19in... joints, Springfield one-piece... grade in every detail. Fitted... price, \$15.00; with Morgan &... \$37.50; with Dunlop tires, ... 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20... frames. Black and maroon... these bicycles, we will ship a... ct on delivery with privilege... on, on receipt of \$1.00. The... guarantee of Express charges... ed from the bill; you pay the... at the balance due us... and chance to a good agent... You have your choice of cash... of one or more wheels, ac... e work done for us. ...Y USED, \$3.00 to \$25.00... ee. Secure agency at once... & SON, MONTREAL. ...ore For Men... ch quickly cures sexual weakness... tions, premature discharge, etc... ant to strength and vigor. Dr. J... Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly... of this wonderful remedy to... at man may cure himself at home. ...ork... naires. ...ple reading advertisements of... care, saying that money could be... mitted, realize that the richest... have commenced life in a humble... for their fortune through stock ex... ould who worked as a dry goods... town at \$10.00 a week up to his... commenced to operate with his... \$2000.00 in Wall Street last as his... of dollars; Russell says who... carry boy at \$4.00 per week and... alk is estimated at 100 millions... penning the machine, although \$6... so are thousands of others, who... he luxurious life can offer, which is... as in speculation... speculator the same opportunities... to others in the past. The small... be bought and sold in 10 shares... king \$0 dollars... nected as to how speculations are... information and market letter to... SKALLER & CO., ...KERS & BROKERS, ...ED BROOK EXCHANGE Bldg. ...ADWAY, NEW YORK.

The Mystery OF THE Mountain Pass

IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED. POOR NERO!

I turned the dog out, without replying; then I came back, and walked straight up to Lady Gramont.

"I must apologize to you for Nero's strange behavior," I said. "I have never known him act like this before—except once."

She was white to the lips.

Everyone else, thought of course, it was the fear of being bitten that had caused her to turn so deadly pale; but I knew well it was a deeper fear.

She forced herself to give me a gracious answer, and even to smile faintly.

"Poor fellow! You must not scold him; it was probably only fun," she said. "But I am such a coward."

"I should not have thought you were a coward, Lady Gramont," I answered, in a slow distinct voice, and looking full into her face as I spoke. "On the contrary, I should have expected to find you exceptionally brave."

"Oh, no, indeed! I am not brave at all," she murmured, sinking into a chair, and shading her face with a feather fire-screen. I felt sure she was afraid of betraying agitation and discomposure. Vera came up to me, and touched me lightly on the arm.

"When was the other time that your dog attacked anyone, Sir Douglas? You said you had never known him act like this but once."

I replied to Vera; but my eyes were on her mother all the time.

"It is nearly a year ago," I said, slowly. "Last Christmas Eve, Nero flew at a woman as suddenly, and seemingly as unaccountably, as he flew at Lady Gramont just now."

"And did he hurt her?" questioned Vera.

"I am bound to say he did," I answered gravely. "He bit her so severely that I had to cauterize the wound. She will carry the mark of it to her grave."

"And you can keep such a dog as dog as that?" exclaimed Sir Harold. "Really, Douglas, I am surprised at you!"

Lady Gramont said nothing; only sat with her beautiful eyes cast down; her fingers toying restlessly with the feather screen; her face ashy pale.

That night Gwynne and I sat up to smoke a pipe together.

He sat opposite me; and I, looking on his fine, noble face, wondered how he would bear it if he had to be told that Beatrice Gramont was unworthy of his love. In my heart I half believed it would be his death-blow; at any rate, it would kill all that was best in him.

He would never hold up his head again with that frank, proud movement, and look at me with eyes that spoke of measureless content, as he was looking at me now.

When a man loves for the first time in his life at forty three, his love is apt to enter into the very deepest recesses of his being—especially if he be a man of a strong deep nature, and the woman whom he loves is passing fair.

Sir Harold so loved Beatrice Gramont, that I was sure he would far rather have died than have had to believe in her dishonor. Should I tell him my suspicions?

I asked myself this as he sat opposite me tranquilly smoking a cigar; and I answered the question with an unhesitating "No!"

In the first place, it would be of no use. He simply would not believe me.

That fancied similitude of voice, with nothing to support it except Nero's strange antagonism, would not have had a feather's weight with him.

He would be furious to think that anyone should dare to breathe a word against his worshipped Beatrice.

No; it was quite useless to speak at present, I decided.

I must have further proofs; I must watch and wait, and, perhaps, I should be able to discover whether Lady Gramont had, or had not the scar of a cauterized wound upon her arm.

Gwynne had seemed in deep thought for a minute or two, when suddenly he looked across at me and laughed.

"Well, old fellow! I queried, not feeling at all in a laughing mood myself.

"I was thinking about you, Jack. To tell you the truth, I was thinking how odd it would be if ever I should be your papa-in-law. I should be, you know, in a way, if you were to marry Vera."

"I—marry Vera?" I exclaimed in amazement. "What ever has made you think of such a thing as that?"

"I beg your pardon, if I've made a mistake, Jack; but, upon my honor, I really thought you were getting attached to the child."

"That's just it. I am attached—to the child. But then, one doesn't think of marrying children."

"Vera is sixteen on New Year's Day," said Gwynne, quietly puffing at his cigar. "Her mother was married before she was as old as that."

"Oh, nonsense, Hal!" I exclaimed, sharply, so sharply that he looked at me in surprise.

I could not have defined my feelings at that moment, but I knew that they were extremely unpleasant, if not absolutely painful ones.

I felt, for all the world, as though the meshes of a web were tightening round me

as though I were being drawn to a place from which there would be no retreat, save with infinite misery or infinite dishonor.

The suggestion that I might marry Vera had done this.

In the first place, I was certain it had never emanated from Gwynne's own unassisted mind.

Whether he knew it or not, he was simply the mouthpiece of Lady Gramont.

It was she who had induced him to speak like this to me.

And her motive? Of course I saw that in a moment.

If I were to marry her daughter, or even engaged to marry her, her own secret must needs be safe with me.

Let my suspicions be what they might, I could never betray them, to her peril, if I loved her child.

The very deepness of the scheme hardened me against the woman who, I conceived, had planned it; and hence it was that I spoke so sharply.

"Vera; it is quite out of the question. Come aren't you about ready for bed?" I asked.

And I left the room abruptly.

"It is quite out of the question. I repeated this to myself as I went up the stairs, and was surprised to find how keen a pang it cost me.

Quite out of the question that I should marry Vera!

I had never thought of it before, but now I was forced to think of it, and to decide it could never be; I realized that my heart had passed out of my keeping, that Vera, child though she was had won it.

But I could never marry her; no, not even though I could win from her an answering love; her mother's sin must forever stand between us.

I might be willing to make her my wife, even though I knew she was the daughter of a murderer; but she—could she marry the man who had been the means of betraying her mother's crime?

Assuredly she could not and yet, in my heart, I felt certain that that painful duty would be mine.

Sooner or later, I should have to betray Beatrice Gramont to Sir Harold.

If she were what I suspected her of being, I could not stand by and hold my peace while my friend gave her the shelter of his high and spotless name.

I had drawn up the blind in my bedroom and was standing beside the window while I thus mused. It was a bitterly cold night, and a light snow was falling.

I was about to turn away, when I saw a dark figure approaching the house.

I opened the window very quietly, and leaned out; I had a fancy I should see Gwynne.

I thought he might have stepped out to finish his smoke, and returned when it came on to snow.

But it was not a man, it was a woman who was coming swiftly towards the house. A moment of breathless uncertainty, and then I saw it was Lady Gramont.

She entered the house by one of the side windows and closed it after her noiselessly.

She came straight upstairs and passed on to her own room, for I could hear the soft swish-swish of her skirts as she went by my door.

Where had she been? and upon what errand?

There was some inscrutable mystery about this woman.

I could not fathom her.

I could not even guess what her past had been.

With thoughts all confused and chaotic, I undressed and got into bed; but I had not lain there more than five minutes when a tear darted into my mind which made me spring up as though I had been shot.

I remembered that Lady Gramont had

come from the direction of the stables, and the house of Sir Thomas's head groom was a little beyond them.

Nero was there.

Had Lady Gramont's nocturnal ramble had anything to do with him?

I turned hot all over as I debated the question.

In less than five minutes I had got my clothes on, and was out of the house.

Come what might I felt I must know whether my dear old dog was safe.

The stables were not more than a hundred yards away, and Dixon's house was about as far again.

I tore along in the darkness at a rapid pace, feeling wildly excited, and yet with a curious sinking at my heart.

The snow was falling fast now—so fast that the prints of Lady Gramont's feet were quite covered up; but indeed even if they had remained, they would not have been discernible in the darkness.

I passed the stables.

All was quiet there—not a sound to disturb the stillness.

I hurried swiftly on to Dixon's house, hoping each moment to hear my faithful old Nero's bark.

But no; all continued silent—as silent as the grave.

At length Dixon's house came in sight. Surely, there was something—a dark mass—lying just outside the gate.

I strained my eyes to see what it was, and that horrible sinking at my heart increased.

I fancied it was Nero, and I knew that, if he was alive, I could scarcely have approached him thus nearly, without his springing up to meet me.

Another moment, and I was close enough to see what that dark object was.

It was, indeed, Nero; but he was in the agonies of death.

Even as I sprang forward, and called him by his name, he breathed his last, turning his glazing eyes upon me, and making a faint, unavailing effort to lick my hand.

He had been poisoned—by whom I could not doubt.

CHAPTER VII.
WHAT I SAW IN THE CORRIDOR.

For some time I knelt beside the lifeless body of my poor dog.

I rubbed his fast stiffening form in unavailing attempts to restore; and, when I had to own that all was over, I silently registered a vow that Beatrice Gramont should answer to me for this last foul deed.

It may seem unnatural, but my horror and indignation against her were aroused to a far higher pitch by the death of my dog than they had been by the murder of a human being.

Then I had been willing to believe she was a wronged woman, and that, possibly, the fatal shot had been fired when she was maddened by her wrongs.

But the death of my poor Nero had been foully deliberate.

She had stolen out by night, stealthily and of set purpose, to poison him, and for this, in my heart of hearts, I vowed to be revenged.

I would make her suffer, even though it were not publicly.

She should suffer all the tortures of suspense and dread, even though, in the end, I must needs spare her the rigours of the law—for Vera's sake.

For Vera's sake I set my teeth hard as I thought of this.

It seemed so horrible that she, that fiend in human form, should be a mother, that I do not know how long I knelt in the snow beside my poor Nero; but I do know that the slow heavy tears coursed down my face as I thought of all his wonderful wisdom and all his loving faithfulness.

A man finds so few truly faithful friends in his passage through the world, that he may surely spare the tributes of tears when he loses one, whether it be man or dog.

But at last I rose, and resolved what I would do.

My first impulse had been to knock up Dixon, but a little thought convinced me it would be wiser not to do so.

I would make no outcry about the dog's death; I would not have it known I myself had come out at midnight and found him dying.

It might place Beatrice Gramont too much on her guard.

If she chose to fancy I should ascribe the deed to some hand other than hers, she

was quite welcome to so deceive herself; I should the more easily gain my revenge.

I returned to the house and lay down in my bed, not without a sore pang at the thought of poor Nero's body, cold and stiff lying out in the snow by Dixon's gate.

Sleep was out of the question.

For fully half-a-dozen hours I lay awake tossing restlessly from side to side, while my fevered brain sought vainly to solve the mystery which surrounded Beatrice Gramont.

Who was the man who had been murdered in the mountain pass?

Was he her late husband, the Comte de Gramont?

Was that story about his having met his death in India untrue? Had he returned to his beautiful wife at a time when she found his existence undesirable? and had she ended it for him, coolly and deliberately, as she had just ended that of my poor dog?

A little before daybreak, worn out with my long night of wakefulness, I fell asleep but even in my dreams, I could not escape from Beatrice Gramont.

She led me through pathless snows and over high mountains; and though she seemed ever almost in my grasp, she eluded me at last.

Then in her place, there rose up the image of Vera, sweet and sad, and pale, and with a world of mournful reproach in her soft hazel eyes.

My heart rushed out to her in boundless love and I would fain have clasped her in my arms.

But she waved me back, not in anger, but still with infinite reproach.

"You have ruined my mother," she cried, mournfully. "I thought you loved me, but, if you loved me, you would have loved my mother too."

From these dreams I awoke, to find the red wintry sun shining into my chamber, and to feel that I was seriously unwell.

I must have taken cold when I quitted my room at midnight, for my head ached terribly, my mouth felt parched, and my hands were burning.

When I essayed to get out of bed, I turned so dizzy that I was glad to get back again.

I decided I had better remain in my room for, at any rate, an hour or two, and I rang the bell for a servant, and sent down a message to this effect:

"In a minute or two, Gwynne came up, his kind, good face wearing a look of anxiety at the news of my indisposition.

"I think I never felt so guilty in my life as when he came and sat beside my bed.

"It might have been I, and not Beatrice Gramont, who was the perpetrator of a crime.

"I hope you're not going to be ill, Jack," he said, in his kind, earnest manner. "It will just spoil our Christmas if you're out of the way."

I thought grimly that I knew of one person at any rate whose Christmas would be by no means spoiled if I were out of the way, not for a few days only, but altogether.

However, I assured him there was nothing seriously amiss with me.

It was only a cold, and, if I remained in my room, and doctored myself a little, I should probably be quite better by the next day.

"Well, mind you do doctor yourself," he said, with another of his kind looks, as he grasped my hand. "If you don't I warn you I shall come up here, and establish myself as your nurse."

I was relieved when he went away, much as I loved him.

It was impossible for me to feel anything but guilty in his presence while that wretched secret was weighing on my mind. And yet I could not resolve to broach it to him until I had obtained some further proof.

Later in the day he came up again—this time to tell me of Nero's death.

He expressed the most genuine concern, and I am sure the dear fellow's sorrow was all the greater because he himself had spoken harshly to the dog yesterday.

"It's some of those rascally poachers who have done it, you may be quite sure," he said. "Dixon is awfully put out about it; he thinks you may, perhaps blame him."

"I couldn't do that," I answered. "He acted under my orders in letting the dog be about at night, so it's my own fault, if it's anyone's. Please tell him not to worry."

I remained in my room all day, and, toward night, felt much better, but exceedingly weak.

When the rest of the house retired, I still sat in an easy chair, warmly wrapped in dressing gown and slippers.

It was useless to go to bed if one could not sleep, I thought.

I must have fallen into a dose; for when I opened my eyes, I found the fire burned low, and the clock just striking two.

I was about to rise and undress, when I fancied I heard the soft swish of a woman's dress in the corridor.

Swift as lightning, I turned down my lamp and sat motionless as a statue, with all my senses concentrated into one—that of hearing.

My ears are, at all times, unusually keen; but, that night, I verily believe I should have heard the proverbial pin even had fallen outside my door.

My mind was so full of Beatrice Gramont that I took it for granted it was she who was walking about the house at this unearthly hour.

Nevertheless I received a shock when I cautiously opened my door an inch or so and peered through the aperture.

I saw Lady Gramont truly enough; but I saw someone else as well—a man—and a man, too, who was an utter stranger to me.

Assuredly, he was not one of the guests I told myself; quite as certainly, he was not one of the servants.

I knew them all well enough, and this man I had never seen before.

He and Lady Gramont were walking swiftly down the corridor, the clad in a long, white dressing gown, he in an ulster which reached to his feet, and the collar of which was drawn well up about his ears.

He was tall and slender, approaching middle age, with very dark hair.

They passed out of the corridor and staircase.

I watched them well out of sight, and then stole after them, determined to discover why Lady Gramont was meeting this strange man secretly, and at such an hour, in Sir Thomas Mallory's house.

A light was always kept burning through the night in the corridor; and that was how it was that I had seen the stranger's face so distinctly; but, after the staircase was passed, all was utter darkness.

I had to grope my way, and was afraid at every step that I might stumble against one or other of those two.

I was standing against a suit of mail in the entrance hall, when suddenly I saw a glimmer of light apparently proceeding from Sir Thomas's private room.

In a moment I slipped behind the suit of mail, and, quite concealed by it, listened with bated breath.

At first I heard nothing but the soft rustle of Lady Gramont's garments, but, after a minute or so, there was the withdrawing of a bolt, and the turning of a key, followed by a gust of frosty air.

Quite evidently, the hall door was being opened.

I peeped cautiously out from my place of concealment, and saw that the man was in the act of crossing the threshold and Lady Gramont, with a small spirit lamp in her hand, was preparing to close and fasten the door upon him.

Suddenly he turned to her.

"Remember!" he said, in a deep whisper. "Half-past five to-morrow afternoon."

"I will be there," she whispered back; then the door closed.

Lady Gramont, after carefully looking and bolting it, turned and went up the staircase passing within a couple of yards of where I stood.

My first impulse had been to confront her; and, telling her boldly what I suspected, demand an explanation of her extraordinary conduct.

But, when I heard the man arrange a meeting with her on the morrow, I saw it might be wise to hold my peace a little longer.

Although I did not know the place of meeting—only the time—I fancied it would be easy for me to be present at that interview.

All I had to do was to keep Lady Gramont in my sight from half past four to half-past five to-morrow afternoon, and she would betray herself.

I made up my mind that, wherever she went, there I would follow.

CHAPTER VIII.
BROUGHT TO BAY.

Having arrived at this decision, I went back to my bedroom, and tried my hardest to get to sleep, for I knew how important it was that I should be well and strong upon the morrow.

At last, and after many ineffectual attempts, I did fall asleep, and slept so soundly that the breakfast gong was sounding when I awoke.

I was delighted to find my cold nearly cured, and, dressing hurriedly, I went downstairs, where the very first person I saw was Lady Gramont.

She was standing at the door of the

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

But One Standard of Quality.



There are three distinct types of Singer sewing-machines for family use, but there is only one standard of quality—THE BEST. There is a wide range of prices, depending on the style of cabinet work and ornamentation, but whether the price be the lowest or the highest, the working quality of the machine is the same and has been fully tested before leaving the factory.

Sold on instalments. You can try one Free. Old machines taken in exchange.

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THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.

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EVERY MOTHER SHOULD
Have it in the House
To cure the common ailments that may occur in every family as long as life has woes.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and indorsed since 1810, to relieve or cure every form of Pain and Inflammation. It is Safe, Soothing, Sure. Otherwise it could not have existed for almost a Century.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
Is strictly a family remedy for internal as much as External use To cure Colds, Croup, Coughs, Catarrh Cramps and Colic it acts promptly.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

There is not a medicine in use which possesses the confidence of the public to a greater extent than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For almost a century it has stood upon its intrinsic merit, while generations after generations have used it. The best evidence of its virtue is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale is steadily increasing. You can safely trust what time has indorsed.

I. S. JOHNSON, Esq.—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, left me some of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to the present.

JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, January, 1891.

Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

CANCER
And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, no pain. For Canadian testimonials & 20-page Book—free, write Dept. 11, MAISON MANSOURI, Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Quality.

Types of Singer sewing-machines but there is only one BEST. There is a wide choice on the style of cabinet but whether the price is high or low, the working quality is the same and has been fully proved by the factory.

SOLD ONLY BY THE TURING Co. AL. P. O.

Lighting, I turned down my motionless as a statue, with concentrated into one—that of a man, at all times, unusually at night, I verily believe I heard the proverbial pin even outside my door.

I received a shock when I opened my door an inch or so through the aperture, my Gramont was so full of Beatrice Gramont that I got granted it was she about the house at this time.

he was not one of the guests; quite as certainly, he was the servant. I saw him all well enough, and this I never seen before.

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Sunday Reading.

The Roads of Old. The roads of old, how fair they gleamed, How long each winding way was deemed! In days gone by how wondrous lush Their little hills and houses seemed.

The morning road that led to school Was framed in dew, that clung as cool To childish feet as waves that beat About the sandbars in a pool!

The river road that crept beside The dreamy elder-blossomed tide, Where fish as play on Saturday Left some young hopes ungratified;

The valley road that wandered through Twin valleys—and heard no wind that blew; The cow-bell's clank from either bank Was all the noise it ever knew;

The village road that used to drop Its cables at the blacksmith shop, And leaves some traces of rustic grace To tempt the blindest eye to stop;

The woodland road whose windings dim Were known to watchers straight and slim; How slow it moved, as if it loved Back listening leaf and arching limb;

The market road that felt the charm Of lights on many a sleepy farm, When whirling clock and crowing cock Gave forth the marketman's alarm;

These all renew their olden spell, With rocky cliff and sunny dell, With purple brook and grassy nook, They bordered childhood's country well.

And who who near them used to dwell Can but the same sweet story tell, That on their west young-eyed Content— They bordered childhood's country well.

Heroes and Heroisms. Still lying where we laid you down And left you, speaking low, Awed by the quiet that had grown From tumult—long ago!

But now the stillness seems not strange; 'Tis hard to realize There ever was that stormy charge From dark to sunny skies.

You seem another breed of men, Of heroes long extinct, Who dwelt and died beyond our ken, To ancient heroes linked.

PNEUMONIA

leaves the lungs weak and opens the door for the germs of Consumption. Don't wait until they get in, and you begin to cough. Close the door at once by healing the inflammation.

Scott's Emulsion makes the lungs germ-proof; it heals the inflammation and closes the doors. It builds up and strengthens the entire system with wonderful rapidity.

A new use for the word 'born'; just what do you mean? Jesus said: Simply this, that the Jewish people can never come into their own kingdom, individually or as a nation, by education or adaptation to evil conditions, but by regeneration, again and always.

An apple-blossom is a rebellion against a wooden basis. Not that it goes to war with the tree; it depends upon it, co-operates with it, but never involutes backward into bark and leaves. It gets frozen and fails. That is the sun's fault. It runs up its colors next year. A drought withers it. That is the sun's fault, too, but it never dips its flag. Finally its year comes and the tree marches into the autumn a conqueror through its own up-persisting bloom that would not either compete or compromise, a new tree, born from above and henceforth known by its fruit.

So, the birth of a man is the forthcoming of a new life out of an old, a secession, a declaration of independence, an adoption of a new constitution. Until the new machinery gets under way and catches the rhythm of the mother-life, the old heart, the old will, the old nerves furnish the motive power. When the new creature cries the signal to cast off, the cord is cut, but by the old life. The power is behind.

These blossoming in plants and animals are the beginnings of liberty. Meanwhile, from first to last, 'that which is born of the flesh is flesh,' born from below, delivered by the ancestor or left to perish, drawn by the spirit but as yet unchoosing what or whether. The finest monkeys ever mated begot other monkeys; that is all. Not quite all! For in these improved monkeys by natural selection, liberty, hidden in the first cell, was coming 'like a thief in the night.'

Finally some tall young simian, accidentally walking upright with a club in his hand and his forehead toward the stars, Thought. The angel of liberty appeared and said: You do not have to be an ape. You ought to be and can be a man. I am sent to set it before you. Choose! And the next morning when the public sentiment of his species was swinging itself down by the tail, with nuts for breakfast and ambling about him on 'all fours' he stood erect upon his club feet, 'toeing out' the best he could, and said: I am a man. Monkey, too, in his coarse hair and his club feet and thumbless hands—his flesh, in short—but born from above, a man. Free-will had made a beginning. Slavery was doomed. The yoke of the past was cast off. The spirit had risen in rebellion. The fight was on to a finish.

Then education, that had worked the ooze and the sea, and the stream and the forest from the first, became the accredited and conscious drill master of coming revolutions. Tools, weapons, architecture, came on. Greece came of it, with art, literature, science—nearly perfect, in the root. Rome followed with law, organization, civil service. Germany broke in from the north with industry, individualism and brute persistence, and then the swarm of German revolutions. But from the 'crank' ape up to the Renaissance, civilization got ahead by spiritual regenerations, however dimly apprehended.

In the midst came Jesus explaining, expounding the Spirit. Speaking no ill of the flesh or the past but showing that man's true allegiance was to the Spirit and the future; saying: 'Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God.' That is to say, civilization is bound to fail, the Jewish theocracy is a farce, perfected individual character is impossible, unless men will go in for progressive regeneration; never despising old forms lest we fail to fulfill all righteousness, nor neglecting education lest we fail to make 'body

as we grow and bloom, and come out, and rebel, and be separate, UPWARD, as the Spirit guides 'into all truth.'

The difference between Spirit and wood, or flesh, is choice. When the time of the apple had come, it has to bloom. When the flesh is hidden it must obey. But when a man is called of God to break camp and move to a new position, he may refuse. And in the case of a nation, equally, when education has a revolution organized, it may paltter or compromise or surrender to the flesh. In which event the man or nation produces the abortion of an epoch and the flesh goes to its own place, corruption, grave worms, dust. 'Except a man be born from above,' he cannot realize the Kingdom of his Father.'

One of Mr. Moody's life illustrations concerns a young man who enlisted in the army and went into camp with fifteen new comrades. The first night, at bedtime, he knelt by his bunk and prayed. The other men who had spent the time between drill and 'taps' smoking and playing cards, jeered at him, and finally pelted him with every loose thing they could find to throw.

He persevered, and the same scene was reenacted for several nights, till the persecution grew so violent that he asked the chaplain what he had better do. 'Well,' said the chaplain, after hearing the story, 'you are not at home now, and the other men have just as much right to do what they please in the barrack-room as you have. Since it makes them angry to see you pray, and the Lord will hear you just as well if you say your prayers in bed, perhaps it would be as well to do so and not provoke them.'

Some time passed before it occurred to the chaplain to inquire if his advice had been followed. The answer was: 'I followed it for two nights, and felt meaner than a whipped hound. The third night I got up and prayed on my knees just as I was brought up to do.'

'And what was the effect?' 'Why, three of the fellows have joined me now, and I am sure there are several more who would like to. In fact, there is a prayer meeting in our mess every evening.'

Questions of duty and expediency receive different answers from different persons, as they did from the young soldier and his chaplain. Men may be alike in principle who are unlike in their ways of demonstrating it. Mr. Gladstone in London and Daniel in Babylon were both praying men, but both did not pray through open windows. Each had the conscience of his education, and felt the obligation of his place.

The point of Mr. Moody's anecdote seems to be that the young recruit was true to the conscience he had. He prayed 'as he was brought up to do,' and not to have done so would have been to him not to pray at all. The result showed that his course was the right one—as it certainly was the brave one.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES. Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Throat Irritation, Colds, etc. Don't let that Catarrh or Bronchitis run on. Root it out before it becomes chronic. The best, simplest and quickest remedy for these complaints is 'Catarrh-remedy.' It costs nothing to test, for we will send you, free, a 25 cent outfit, sufficient in many cases to cure, and one thousand testimonials. Enclose 10 cents for boxing, postage &c., Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

On a Different Family. The society reporter of a daily paper had been detailed to procure the names of prominent persons in attendance at a performance of grand opera. 'I beg pardon, madam,' she said, approaching one of the occupants of a private box, 'but will you oblige me by giving me your name?' 'Mrs. Archibald Jo Neeze,' replied the lady.

'Pardon me,' rejoined the reporter. I did not quite catch the last name.' 'Jo Neeze.' 'May I ask how you spell it?' 'Certainly. J-o-n-e-s, Jo Neeze,' haughtily answered the occupant of the box, and the reporter retired to the foyer to fan herself.

There was a little incident happened while we were in Japan, says an army officer recently returned from the Philippines 'that showed the magnanimity of those people. A United States soldier was out riding a bicycle, and he was coasting down hill, when he ran over a man. They promptly arrested him, and he was taken before a magistrate. We all went up from the transport to see how things went with him. The magistrate heard the case, and fined him five dollars for running over a blind man. 'What' said the soldier, 'was the man blind? Here, give him twenty dollars'

and he pulled out a twenty dollar gold piece and handed it over to the magistrate. And what do you think they did? They were so pleased that they remitted the whole fine, or would have done so, only the soldier would not take it back, but insisted on its being given to the blind man, and then they gave him a diploma setting forth what he had done.

Health In April

Use The World's Greatest Spring Medicine

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

It is The One Remedy Gladly and Universally Recommended by the Ablest Doctors.

It is well known that almost every condition of winter life has been detrimental to the health of thousands of men and women. The blood has become clogged and impure; the skin is unhealthy and maddly, showing eruptions and pimples; the eyes are dull and sunken; the nerves are unsteady; there is loss in weight, and stomach troubles, rheumatism and neuralgia make life a misery by day and night.

Paine's Celery Compound is the only spring medicine that the best physicians are now recommending, because no other remedy can so quickly bring new and vigorous health to the ailing, half-dead and brokendown.

Paine's Celery Compound cures diseases by first purifying the blood and enriching and strengthening the nerves. It makes the weak strong; it regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament.

Seeing that the experience of tens of thousands has proven that Paine's Celery Compound is the greatest of all spring medicines—the one remedy that the world could not lose today at any price—it is foolish and suicidal to defer its use. One bottle used at this season will surely banish all symptoms of disease and fit you for the work and duties of spring and summer.

When you are buying Paine's Celery Compound see that you get the genuine with the name 'Paine's' and the 'Stalk of Celery' on the label; other compounds are frauds and deceptions.

Unless one has some other sort of knowledge to contradict it, it is natural to accept the evidence of the eye. Therefore the answer which a teacher recently received from her class of small children was not altogether surprising. 'Which is farther away,' she asked, 'England or the moon?' 'England!' the children answered quickly.

'England?' she questioned. 'What makes you think that?' 'Cause we can see the moon, and we can't see England,' answered one of the brightest of the class.

Scribbler—What do you think of my treatment of the heroine, dear? Mrs. Scribbler—Well, I think you have treated her altogether too well. It's nothing short of disgraceful for you to let that strange, disagreeable woman go about in Worth gowns when I am wearing my last year's suit made over.

First Veteran Actor—Well, how goes it? Good engagement, I suppose—good pay? Second Veteran Actor—Well, old friend, you know how these things are, Salary, properly speaking, I don't get, but I eat the whole of an enormous beefsteak in the second act.

Explains. Mistress—This is the third vase that's been broken this week, Jane. How does that happen? Maid—Really, I cannot explain it. Do you think there can have been a slight earthquake this morning? A Big Growler. Mr. O'Toole—O! know phere to get th' biggest growler in town. Mrs. O'Toole—Faith! O! got th' biggest growler in town whin O! got you.

SUCCESS FOR SIXTY YEARS.—This is the record of Perry Davis' Pain-killer. A sure cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer. Perry Davis'. 25c and 50c.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'It takes an artist to cut hair nowadays.' 'Yes; and it takes an artist to go without getting his hair cut.'

He—So far, dear, our married life has been 'one grand, sweet song.' She—Yes, darling, in one flat.

'There's a man for you! He is not afraid to begin at the foot of the ladder.' 'What is he?' 'He's a hod carrier.'

'Evelina, this steak was almost raw.' 'Yes, mem. Me eight hours was up before it was done, and I tak it off the fire, mem.'

'Dear me! I must be getting old.' 'What makes you think so?' 'People have begun to congratulate me on holding my own.'

Work, dawdler, work, through frosty March; hustle, although your shoe-sole parch; work, for the spring is hither bent, when no man's zeal is worth a cent.

Bill—They say there is a good deal to be learned from bees. Jill—So there is; but, as a rule, people are not anxious to take points from them.

'As I recall things, you once had a future before you,' said the old friend. 'Yes,' replied the fate-tossed man, 'but you see, I lived so fast that I got ahead of it.'

She—They've got a new girl at Hiram's. He—Is that so? Can she cook any better than the last one they had? She—Well, hardly. This one is only about 24 hrs. old.

'I should not think such a prominent man would care to have a cheap cigar named after him.' 'Why not? He like to have his name in everybody's mouth.'

'Men are such frauds.' 'Any new developments?' 'Yes; I've learned that when John wants to get out of doing anything or going anywhere with his friends down town he tells them his wife won't let him.'

'Are you sober?' asked Mrs. Larkin, as she leaned out of the second-story window at 2:30 a. m. in response to her husband's ring. 'Yeah, m' dear.' 'Then say Pietermaritzburg.'

Mr. P. Lagugly—Miss Jones said last night that I was 'two faced.' Do you think so, Miss Sharp? Miss Sharp—I know you are not, Mr. Lagugly. If you were, you would always wear your other face, I'm sure.

'He won the prize at the amateur photographic exhibition.' 'What! He never made a good picture in his life. All his efforts I ever saw were nothing but gray smudges.' 'That's right. He labeled on one of them 'A day in London.'

'Maude is awfully troubled.' 'What's the matter?' 'She has sold a story about a beautiful poor girl who made her own shirt waists and married rich; and she's scared to death for fear shirt waists will go out of style before it is published.'

'I wish I had studied law,' she said regretfully. 'It would have been a bitter experience for you,' he answered. 'Why so?' she demanded. 'You would have had to have let the judge have the last word.'

'Let me but write the people's songs,' cried the poet, 'and I care not who makes their laws!'

The Manager of the Music Hall laughed a laugh of scorn. 'That's shows how little you know of the advertising value of hostile legislation!' he sneered.

And indeed it was not for art to condemn jurisprudence.

ABSOLUTELY FAST.

DIAMOND DYES

Can't Be Washed Out With Soapsuds.

The Diamond Dyes in all the new and fashionable colors are made especially for home use. They will dye cotton, silk or wool or mixed fabrics of heavy or light weights, and produce colors that never fade or wash out.

No other dyes on the market can equal the Diamond Dyes in strength, brilliancy, durability, of color or simplicity of use. Long years of severe tests have made Diamond Dyes the most popular in every civilized land.

As some dealers sell inferior and weak dyes put up in packages to imitate Diamond Dyes, always insist upon getting the genuine with the name 'Diamond' which is a sure protection to every home dyer.

No failures, no disappointments or loss of materials when you use Diamond Dyes. Are you interested in the making of book-end Mats and Rugs? If so, send for our new illustrated 'Diamond Dye Rug Book,' free to any address. Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

His Long Distance Record.

Bacon: 'Some people carry a joke too far.'

Egbert: 'Yes. Penman carried one to fourteen different newspaper offices, I understand, and didn't sell it even then.'

The Prince of Wales.

Some Incidents Connected With His Visit to Washington Years Ago.

The report from London that the Prince of Wales will visit this country next summer in the course of a tour through Canada is in harmony with a long established belief that he has a great personal desire to come a second time to the United States. The Prince has always had a cordial feeling for this country, and has repeatedly spoken to Americans of the delightful visit he made to the States in 1860. That visit was made at the instance of President Buchanan, who through Queen Victoria, invited the young Prince to extend his tour through Canada to the United States. Both President Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, had met the Prince, Mr. Buchanan, having been United States Minister at the Court of St. James during the administration of President Pierce, and Miss Lane having lived in London with him. Queen Victoria, always kindhearted to American girls at the American Legation, was particularly so to the beautiful Miss Lane from the time of her presentation at Court.

When the Prince's visit was decided upon Miss Lane made ready for it, and though it was summer time and Washington was not altogether as pleasant as could have been desired the Prince greatly enjoyed his visit, and he and his suite declared that their stay in the Executive mansion was the pleasantest part of their western trip. Lord Lyons was the British minister, and a more amiable party of people could not have been gathered together than the Prince and the young nobleman with him and the young hostess and her circle of friends. President Buchanan, who was a bachelor, delighted in the companionship of the young, and he heartily enjoyed playing host for the nation to the son of Queen Victoria. Apart from the high rank of the Prince, and aside from reasons of State, the president was glad to show friendship for the young man, of whose qualities and disposition he always spoke enthusiastically. This visit was the first an heir apparent of England had made to this country, and everything possible was done to make him feel the warmth and sincerity of the welcome accorded him. He rode and walked in and about Washington, visiting everything of interest, and making himself entirely at home everywhere. Full of life and fond of pleasure, he wanted to have a good time, and to help others to enjoy themselves. He was fond of outdoor sports, and every opportunity was given him to follow his wishes. In only one thing was he repressed, and this he laughingly protested against, while he graciously submitted. He loved dancing, and the presence of the Marine Band and the dimensions of the East Room combined to make it possible to enjoy this pastime in the White House. The President, while he approved of dancing as a pastime, and liked to look upon it as a spectacle, would not consent to shock the sense of propriety of the larger class of the American people and have dancing in the White House. Not even for the Prince of Wales would he break the precedent, set by Washington, and rigidly adhered to by every one of his successors. The Prince good naturedly acquiesced, and the young people did their dancing at the home of the British Minister.

The Prince remained at the White House for a week, and during his stay he went with the President and Miss Lane and a large party of guests to Mount Vernon to visit the tomb of Washington.

He won the hearts of the American people on that visit by the homage he paid to the memory of Washington. As the Presidential party approached the tomb, sarcophagus that contained the ashes of Washington came into view. Instantly the Prince uncovered, and as he reached the iron gateway he knelt down in silence and gazed into the interior. All stood about him in silence and with bowed, uncovered heads. The incident was a perfectly natural one, and the Prince impressed all who saw his conduct as a manly gentleman and one possessed of a generous and amiable character. When it became known in Washington that the Prince had journeyed to Mount Vernon to show reverence to the memory of Washington, the people followed him in the streets and cheered him whenever he appeared. Whether the fun-loving and happy youth had been tutored to the part he was to play as the President's guest, or whether he acted on the impulse of his heart, certain it is that he became popular with all sorts and conditions of people, and the whole nation was gratified to have him as its guest. And, incidentally, the people were pleased that their

President and his beautiful kinswoman did the honors so well.

On the Prince's return to England the Queen wrote a personal letter to the President, as did also the Prince. These two letters, which must prove interesting at this time, were printed in a sketch of Miss Lane, published in *Laura C. Holloway-Langford's 'Ladies of the White House.'* They are as follows:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 19, 1860.

"MY GOOD FRIEND: Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing as it does such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanor and the feelings evinced by him have secured to him your esteem and the general good will of your countrymen. I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales's safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced. He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and while as a mother, I am grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time, how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally, toward myself which his presence has called forth. I fully reciprocate toward your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity. The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as the type of our present feeling and, I trust, of your future relations. The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be remembered to Miss Lane. Believe me always your good friend,

VICTORIA R."

And the Prince of Wales wrote for himself as follows:

"DEAR MR. BUCHANAN: Permit me to request that you will accept the accompanying portrait as a slight mark of my grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House on the occasion of my tour in the United States. Believe me that the cordial welcome which was then vouchsafed to me by the American people and by you as their chief, can never be effaced from my memory. I venture to ask you at the same time to remember me kindly to Miss Lane, and believe me, dear Mr. Buchanan, Yours very truly,

ALBERT EDWARD."

The portrait referred to in this letter was a handsome one of himself, painted by Sir John Watson Gordon. This portrait, together with a set of engravings of the royal family, sent to Miss Lane, is now the property of Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston. The Prince of Wales received every possible attention in every city through which he passed. Many New Yorkers remember the reception given him in New York, to which he came after his Washington visit.

Two Ways of Doing it.

Here is a pleasant story which has never appeared in print, but is known to be true. The poet Walt Whitman was, as is well known, dependent during most of his life upon the kindness of his friends and admirers for a support. A few years before his death, one of these friends called upon him in his little home in Camden, a suburban town of Philadelphia.

"Well, Walt," he said, "how goes it this winter? Any subscription needed for Christmas?"

"No," said Whitman, "no. I'm at work now. I'm in the employ of George Childs. He pays me fifty dollars a month."

"You at work! May I ask what is your occupation?"

"Why, I ride in the street-cars. I fall into talk with the drivers and conductors, and find out which of them have no overcoats, and guess at their size and notify Childs, and then he sends the overcoats. It's not hard work," said the poet, thoughtfully. "And then, you know, it helps Childs along."

David Christie Murray, the well-known author, told in print some time ago the story of the hardships of his first years in London. After carrying about his manuscripts in vain from one publishing house to another, he found himself penniless and homeless. He slept upon the Thames embankment for two nights. For two days he had not eaten food.

On the third morning he was standing on London bridge, looking gloomily into the black water, when the editor of a news-

paper who knew him passed with a hasty nod. He hesitated, looked at him and came back.

"O Murray," he cried, "you are just the man I want! Can you spare a couple of hours?"

"Yes," said Murray, dryly. "I want an article on—on Columbus for tomorrow." "Birthday article. Nothing laborious—no dry dates. Something light, fanciful—you understand? Go to the office. You'll find paper and pens ready. Send it to my desk. And, oh, by the way, I may not be there in time. We'll settle in advance, thrusting a couple of sovereigns into his hand."

"I wrote the article," said Murray, "and found out long afterward that the birthday of Christopher Columbus did not come for months. From that day success came to me. That saved my life."

"O! almsgiving, as of the giving of advice it may be said:

Its value depends upon
The way in which it's done.

Impressions That Last.

Dahome, a German magazine, tells the following anecdote of Von Moltke, the greatest of Prussian generals, who was as famous for his stern reticence as for his skill in the art of war.

On one occasion, when a party of military men had been discussing his victorious campaigns in his presence, one of them turned to him and said:

"General, what was the supreme moment of your life? The one that left the deepest impression on you? Can you tell us?"

Von Moltke laughed. "Easily, gentlemen. There was one moment so terrible that it was like no other. I was a young, headless officer, and I was sent with a message to General von Marwitz. I went with trepidation. He received me with a kindly nod, and said, 'Lay aside your cloak, sir.'"

"Ha," I thought, "he meets me as an equal!" I unbuttoned my cloak and dropped it on a chair. He looked at it and then at me.

"In the anteroom, lieutenant, in the anteroom," he said gently.

"The horror and shame of that rebuke come upon me at night sometimes now, like death itself. No success I have ever had has repaid me for that mortification."

The Duke of Wellington was riding down Piccadilly one day after he had returned to England the nation's hero, to be rewarded by titles, palaces and every honor which a grateful country could devise. He beckoned to his companion.

"Do you see that little old man shoving against the fence by the crowd on the sidewalk? That is my old master in the grammar school, and at sight of him I positively felt a quake of terror. The backs of my legs are shivering with goose-flesh!"

The man carries the boy with him through life, as in the century-old oak here is still something of the acorn from which it grew.

The Proprietor in China.

There is everything in the point of view. In China, it is considered very unwomanly for a woman not to wear trousers, and highly indecorous for a man not to have skirts to his coat. It is no wonder that the Chinese look askance at the ordinary American or European who comes among them.

To the Chinese, says the author of 'Intimate China,' it seems very unfitting for a lady to go out unattended by a woman; and for a woman to stand firmly on her feet and walk on them like a man is shocking. Thus there are great difficulties for the traveller to get over.

The garment that seems most essential to the Chinese woman is a pair of trousers, and she thinks it highly improper for a woman to indicate by a belt that she possesses a waist.

"Do you really eat with your waist girl in like that?" she asks of a foreign woman.

A man's dress, as we know it, is a still greater scandal in China; and to the Chinese the only explanation of it is that the poor fellow has not cloth enough to cover himself properly.

Nevertheless, nearly every foreigner, after spending much time among Orientals, admits that the dress he has grown accustomed to at home is lacking in grace and elegance.

All Necessaries.

Bridget—"If yez please, mum, O'd loike me wages to-day, as O've to pay me fawther's medical insurance."

Mistress—"What is medical insurance, Bridget?"

Bridget—"Tis the koind that if yez're sick does be sendin' yez med'ine an' a doctor an' a hearse an' a grave an' everythin' yez do be needin'."

Carte Blanche.

She: "What did pa say?"

He: "I preferred to ask him by telephone. He said, 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right.'"

Anecdotes of Prominent People.

The Masterly Silence of Mayor Van Wick—Chicago Was Slow—Dr. Dwight's Message.

Since his inaugural as the first Mayor of the Greater New York on January 1, 1898 Robert H. Van Wyck has not given an interview to a single newspaper reporter, has not answered an enquiry for publication, and has not attended a public function of a social character. It is true that he acted as Admiral Dewey's host when that officer was entertained by the city, but as the ceremonies did not include a dinner he was not forced to break his self-imposed rule. The Mayor's life is as regular as clockwork. His bachelor's home up town is as systematically arranged as his office in City Hall, and he never allows anything to interfere with his method in either place. While a City Judge, the Mayor was prominent as a diner out and theatre goer, but neither amusement apparently has any attraction for him now.

When he took office, the Mayor received the reporters of the city newspapers in a body.

"During the next four years," he said, "I shall never speak to any of you for publication. You will all have an even chance, for I shall refuse interviews to everyone impartially. There is no use in coming to me with questions propounded by your editors, for I shall not answer them. But," he added, "anything that you may overhear in the Mayor's office is public property. If I talk on business to a man so that I can be overheard you are welcome to make use of it."

That was more than two years ago, and the Mayor has held to his promise to the letter. Scores of reporters have been obliged to put certain questions to him or lose their places, but he has invariably listened to them courteously and turned away in silence. All of his public utterances take the form of comments or speeches in the proceedings of the various boards he is a member of, or in peppy and pointed remarks, made in his high pitched voice, to visitors who call upon him during office hours and provoke him to speech.

All New York's mayors none has been busier than Judge Van Wyck. He is regularly in his office at ten and often earlier, and leaves for his luncheon with Colonel Ladd, his legal adviser, usual at one. After an hour's absence he returns and remains until the last vestige of business is cleared away. Most men have some peculiarity as to their dress. Mayor Van Wyck's runs to neckties. He always wears a flying black tie such as artists used to affect.

Slow Work in Chicago.

When the Chicago anarchists were hanged great preparations were made by Amos J. Cummings, then editor of the New York Evening Sun, to get the news ahead of the other evening newspapers. A direct wire ran from the jail in Chicago to The Evening Sun office, and an alert operator was at each end of the wire. The form of the first page was made up and ready to print, with the single exception of a line giving the time of the hanging. That line was to be inserted as soon as the news flashed from Chicago. Then the form would be locked, turned over to the stereotypers who would make a matrix, stereotype the plates, rush them down to the presses, and in a minute or two more the papers would be in the hands of the newsboys on the street.

About ten o'clock in the morning, however, a boy rushed into the office with a copy of the evening newspaper containing an alleged account of the hanging of the anarchists.

Cummings grabbed the paper from the boy and rushed with it over to the operator.

"Look at that," he cried.

"They have not been hanged," answered the operator calmly. "I have this minute been talking over the wire to our man in the jail at Chicago and he tells me they haven't yet left their cells for the scaffold."

Then Cummings scanned the newspaper more closely and realized that it had anticipated the news. He picked up a bit of copy paper and scribbled on it these words:

"Beware of Bogus Extras!"

"Here," he said to one of the office boys; "have a bulletin made of that and put it up in front of the office."

Then for two hours Cummings and everyone else in the office waited for the news of the hanging. The suspense became almost unbearable, for all the time the rival paper was selling in the streets and the newsboys' cries came in through the windows. As the time dragged on Cummings became more and more nervous.

He hung around the operator and asked him a hundred times if he was sure everything was all right. His excitement was intense. At last, when the editor was so wrought up that it was not safe to speak to him, the instrument clicked and the operator yelled out:

"Mr. Cummings, the drop is falling!" Cummings, who had been walking to and fro, suddenly stopped stock-still. His form was rigid. His face worked and his eyes blazed. Then he roared out at the frightened operator:

"How long does it take a drop to fall in Chicago?"

A roar of laughter from the reporters in the office relieved the tension, the operator shouted the exact time of hanging, the foreman of the composing-room inserted the line in the form, and in five minutes the paper was out.

Dr. Dwight's Message.

The thousands of Yale men who, not many months ago, read in their newspapers of the resignation of Dr. Timothy Dwight as President, have never even guessed that it was a kindly thought for them in the heart of the President that gave them the news with such celerity.

It was in the New Haven office of the Associated Press, one of those nights when news is so dull that even the "flimsy" curls up superciliously, and the telegraphers doze over their keys. The man in charge, if he had any wish at all, was hoping that, as he had to stay up, something would happen to keep him awake. It was in this calm that the dear old President shuffled, with that walk of his which is known to generations of Yale men. He looked about for a moment at the unfamiliar surroundings, and then, while the young man was standing rigidly at attention, he drew out a big leather pocket-book and took a slip of paper from it.

"I have a little notice here," he said in his precise way, "that I wish you would send out for me, so the boys can know about it."

As he spoke he handed the slip over. The young man took it mechanically. When his eye rested on the first sentence his hair went up. It was the president's resignation, information which the Press Association was only too glad to get and to telegraph over the country.

"Yes, yes, Mr. President," he said, his fingers itching to send out the biggest piece of news of the night. "Is there anything else, anything else we can do?" His words were overlapping in his eagerness.

"Nothing," said the famous old scholar, "but give me the bill for it."

The task was a long one, but it was explained to Doctor Dwight that far from their being any expense to him, the office was his debtor for the news.

He felt uncertain even as he left, though and intimated that if it wasn't as important as they thought, he stood ready to pay all charges.

He has never been called on to pay the bill.

A Rhinoceros in Camp.

While trekking in South Africa, Parker Gilmore often outspanned on the open veld. It was a life of discomfort and adventure, which he vividly describes in his book, 'The Great Thirst Land.' Contrary to what would be commonly believed, wild beasts not infrequently came about the camp, and even into the heart of the camp-fire.

One night we had outspanned rather late, and the 'boys' had built an enormous fire close by the wagon, and between eating and abouting kept me awake. Toward daylight this was still going on, when I heard several exclamations of terror. I looked out of the front of the wagon. The boys were flying helter-skelter everywhere, and a rhinoceros was trotting backward and forward across the fire, tossing carcasses, skins, cooking utensils and blankets about as if each of them contained somebody.

A red blanket seemed particularly to take the fancy of the irate beast. At it he went and got his horn well into it. But there it seemed to stick. The more he shook his head, the more tightly the blanket wrapped itself about it, entirely hiding the eyes.

He shook his head, pawed with his forefeet, lay down his clumsy length and rolled from side to side, struggling in vain to get free of the enveloping blanket. I laughed aloud at his grotesque antics.

Suddenly he gave a snort, a bound and a kick, and started for the sombre shadows of the forest; but he carried a two-ounce bullet behind his shoulder. How he escaped knocking that ornamental head piece of his against a tree was a wonder. In the morning he was found dead. The bullet had done its work.

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Chat of the Boudoir.

All the inventive energies of the fashion makers seem to have been directed toward the skirts this season, with perhaps a chance touch to the sleeves; and certainly if all the variations in the skirt models shown among the new imported gowns are to be accepted as good style there will be unusual elasticity about smartness in dress.

A very pretty model for thin gowns is the one which is double in effect. This is carried out very elegantly in black cluny lace over white chiffon and white taffeta silk. A deep flounce of the lace gathers on the foundation at the knee and a frill of white cluny finishes this around the hem.

It is very evident that the skirts of dressy gowns, and especially thin ones, are to be very much trimmed with lace insertions in various forms, for instance, diamond squares of lace set in a little distance apart or joining corners to form an edge. Embroidery on the material is extremely elegant and expensive, too, but just the thing for the woman who need not count the cost of her summer outfit.

A feature of skirt trimming for soft mousseline gowns is a succession of shirred tucks encircling the upper half of the skirt. They are about a half-inch in width, fully an inch and a half apart, and very slightly shirred to avoid a thick effect. Other thin skirts have a box plait at the back covering the entire length with a wide lace insertion, which also encircles the skirt in two or three rows, beginning at either side of the plait. A cluster of half-inch tucks meeting at the waist line in front and at the back, and spreading out fan shape to the knee, forms the trimming on the upper part of a nun's veiling skirt which is gathered very slightly over the hips.

As the new materials are all so thin and sheer the elaborate skirts are extremely attractive. Fine tucks in every way that fancy can devise are a great feature of waists as well as skirts, and they are arranged horizontally, vertically and in waved lines, singly and in groups.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills

Elbow sleeves, a distinctive element of the new thin gowns are finished with a frill of lace or chiffon falling rather wide at the back and narrowing to three inches at the inside of the arm. Transparent lace sleeves with a lace bolero or lace yoke are exceedingly pretty in the dressy gown of white silk veiling. The long transparent sleeves with a frill falling over the hand are quite as much in evidence, however, so the sleeve resolves itself into a question of what is most becoming.

A striking point in the finish of the new gowns is the belt, which seems to admit of innumerable variations, some of which are exceedingly pretty for the slender figure, but the stout woman must shun them as she would the plague. Long lines not broken by any contrasting bands must be cultivated by the shrewd-waisted woman who cares to make the most of her figure.

The collar bands are shaped much as they have been during the past season, rounding up a trifle just behind the ears and variously trimmed with folds, lace and pipings of black and colored panne. All the little accessories of dress, such as sashes, fichus, berthes, collar and belt effects are very important features, since they furnish so many opportunities for variety in detail.

The combination of white taffeta silk with white cloth is convincingly displayed among the imported models. The cloth applied in bands, covered with heavy black stitching, stripes one entire costume in vertical lines rounding into wider bands where they join at the hem the bands arranged to form a scalloped edge on the bodice, which has a pale blue tucked chiffon vest.

Removes all poisons and impurities from the system. Gives strength and vitality in place of weakness and languor. The most wonderful blood purifier, restorative and strengthener known to science.

wider than the tuck, making a very effective stripes. A blouse of glace silk elaborately tucked shows three narrow shoullder caps covered with rows of fine stitching below a transparent yoke of real cluny lace in deep cream, threaded with three bands of black velvet ribbon, fastened at one side with a tiny bow which has a small buckle in the centre. The blouse is cut in bolero form and worn with a wide Empire belt of black satin.

All the prophecies as to the popularity of cluny lace are verified again and again among the new dress models. It trims the foulard gowns and the thinner gowns of nun's veiling and mousseline, forms yokes in the silk blouses, and is everywhere in evidence. Another lace which is very much used is the heavy Arab in a strong coral color; but there is simply no limit to the kinds employed, and no description can do them justice.

First among the single illustrations is a rose crepe de chine, with cream lace in points around the hem of a skirt which is in almost straight breadths, as it is gored very little at the top, where it gathers in at the waist. The material is tucked in little squares several inches down before it is tucked, which gives it a very pretty finish. The bodice has a lace bolero and transparent elbow sleeves of lace. A model for dotted swiss shows bands of tucking with narrow lace insertion in either edge and a yoke of finely tucked organdie. Foulard trimmed with cream cluny forms another model, and still another in nun's veiling shows the skirt finely tucked above a plaited lower flounce, and silk folds form a striped effect over the lace yoke.

Capotes made of lace net, applique guipure of silk or cloth, and plain silk embroidered with jet and finished with frills of chiffon and long scarf ends which tie in front, are a decided feature of the new wraps shown in the department stores, despite the fact that foreign fashion budgets furnish a contradiction to the effect that capotes are entirely out of the race. It is said that they are to be superseded by coats with flowing sleeves, but in any case both kinds of garments are set forth as new with equally good reasons.

Burdock Blood Bitters, The Best Spring Medicine. Removes all poisons and impurities from the system. Gives strength and vitality in place of weakness and languor.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

are shown among the novelties, and whatever kind of garment you look for beyond a simple cloth jacket, exhibits all the season's proclivities for elaboration in trimming and general detail. Cheviot in all the pale tints as well as dark shades of blue and gray is the popular material for tailors gowns.

Lace flouncings of Renaissance and Venetian, as well as other kinds of lace, come already shaped in the circular form, fitting the cut of the skirt perfectly. Lace, tulle, chiffon and lace straw are prominent features of the new millinery Toques made entirely of lace over chiffon and completed with a bow of black velvet or a bunch of flowers are among the prettiest hats in sight. Pure white satin, finished straws almost transparent, are very much in evidence.

The old-fashioned blond lace with a pattern scattered over it is revived again for veils. The noteworthy feature of the change in hair dressing is the less aggressive pompadour, the cart-wheel variety having been discarded entirely by those who profess to be in the fashion at all.

White gloves, except with black and white costumes, are not worn so much as the varied tints of fawn, biscuit, nickel gray, cream, lilac and a greenish gray.

Recorder Goff is rarely of a testy temper but on occasions he can be stinging enough. Recently in an argument before him, counsel were using a map for the purpose of illustration. One of them was dilating upon it when the Recorder asked him what

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pl Cocks, Peasayrol, &c.

the map was. "Why, your honor, it is a bird's view of the counsel. "Well," said the judge, "I wish you would bring it a little nearer—I haven't got a bird's eye."

'I asked the young woman in front of me to remove her big hat so that I could see the stage.' 'Did she do it?' 'No; she said if she held her hat in her lap she couldn't see the stage herself.'

'But will your wife believe the little fairy tale you are going to tell her?' asked Waggas as he helped his friend home at 2 a. m. 'Will she?' exclaimed the jovial Jaggus. 'You just bet she will, we've been married only a week.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 190, East Avenue, New York.

THE SEA ELEPHANT HUNTER.

A little man with a red face and faded hair, with hands deep in his pockets, roams about one of the resorts in southern California, and he would attract little or no attention except by a particularly jolly smile which ripples over his weather-worn face on the very slightest provocation.

'How so? Why,' he continued, sniffing the soft evening air that came in from the little bay, 'because the best part of my life I spent at the end of the world, right where they jump off, at Inaccessable Island down on the edge of the Antarctic Ocean; there and at Kerguelen's Land. I was a sea elephant hunter, and I'm so glad to be in such a country as this after all my roving that it seems like a regular paradise.

'These sea elephant islands are in a region where it either snows or rains sleet all the time,' continued the former sea elephant hunter, settling himself comfortably as though for a long talk, and where I spent two years was the most desolate place I ever saw. The two men told me that sometimes the sealers died of the horrors or went crazy, and I could well believe them. I was all volcanic rock with not a tree on it, and covered with snow capped mountains and glaciers; and the only sounds we heard were the roaring of the wind and the crashing of icebergs as they broke off and drifted away. When we pulled into the harbor and the sealers came aboard I wondered how men could get so low in looks: but I was as bad in a short time—you couldn't help it. The only house, if you would call it that, was a hole in the ground, roofed over with wreckage and timbers that had washed ashore, and on which the men had piled big rocks to prevent the roof from blowing away and to protect it from being crashed by the ice and snow which in the form of avalanches sometimes came rushing down from the mountains. In this but there was nothing but a table and some seats. The men bunked on the floor on skins of the sea lion and feathers of the penguin. Everything was covered with oil and grease.

'After leaving a load of stores the steamer sailed away and we did not see her again for a year. The stores did not last very long, and then we settled down to what was a regular diet—gulls and penguin and the meat of the sea elephant. I knew that I had been trapped, but I had the sense to say nothing about it as the schooner had sailed and I had signed for two years. The next day the life began. Raining or snowing, we were always routed out early in the morning. The second or third day I was sent by the boss to kill some penguins for breakfast, and I nearly lost my life in the hunt. A great part of the island seemed to be covered with these birds; they were so thick that it was hard to force your way through them as they pecked at you viciously on all sides. The penguin rookery was in a big mass of tussock grass that grew almost as high as my head, and the birds had laid it out in streets and lanes, and along them and in them they stood in groups and droves. The streets were slippery and undermined by other birds, and every few steps I broke through into these cellars and was also attacked by the birds that came out.

'To protect myself I laid around with the club I carried and finally turned and tried to run out of the place as the birds came at me thicker and faster, and nearly crazed me with their pecking and the noise they made. I was bewildered, and only by chance found my way out of the bird city, into which I had gone further than I first intended, thinking to see how large the rookery was. When I reached camp, covered with blood, with my arms full of birds, the men met me with a roar, and I saw that a joke had been put upon me. I found later that they never entered the bird city, but killed the birds about and on the edge.

'The men were called sealers, but sea elephants was the game. We were supposed to catch big animals, the males being from fifteen to nearly thirty feet long

The Rheumatic's Millennium.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE ushers it in—the days of suffering from this relentless disease in all its phases need not be prolonged.

THIS POWERFUL SPECIFIC wins daily encomiums for its splendid work in dispelling pain. It gives perfect relief in 6 hours.

It drives out the cause—cleanses the system—paves the way and helps to perfect health.

Only those who have been its victims—whether for a shorter or a longer period—in its milder forms or in its more acute forms, can really have any correct conception of the excruciating agony that comes to the sufferer from Rheumatism.

and have been cured by that most powerful and never-failing remedy, South American Rheumatic Cure, can really appreciate the blessing it has proved to mankind in relieving pain, dissolving and eradicating from the system all the foreign matters, the irritating acids, the unnatural substances which through cold and exposure collect in the joints and muscles, cause swellings, stiffenings, inflammation and oft-times cripple and incapacitate those who have been so unfortunate as to be caught in its meshes.

It is compounded on the most scientific principles known in modern medical science. It is the concentrated essence of the best and most potent ingredients recognized as being the most searching and healing. The formula is the outcome of years of study on Rheumatism in all its forms; its causes and medicines that are calculated to give the quickest relief and are most promising of a permanent cure. That the highest results have been attained by South American Rheumatic Cure that have been attained by any remedy of modern times is attested by the splendid testimony, the thankful words, the encouragement and faith shown in it by the hundreds and hundreds who have over their own signatures told how it has healed those who have been bed-ridden for years—those who have through its use "thrown away the crutches"—those whose stiffened joints that were effected by every whim of the weather—those who have suffered the deadly pains and pangs that are in-

cident to the inflammatory and neuralgic forms of Rheumatism.

Wards cannot too strongly express its great merit, and sufferers need only to put to the test what others say of it to prove the claims of the great South American Rheumatic Cure. Years of pain may be dispelled in an hour, but it's only a matter of days at most till the most stubborn cases will vanish, and in the place of pain and suffering there'll be a joyous and lasting freedom.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: 'I have been a victim of Rheumatism for seven years: confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself; have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in Rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I took the first dose, the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and today I am completely cured.'

South American Nerve is a power in restoring wasted nerve force; cures nervous prostration, stomach troubles and general debility. It cleanses the system and builds up the waste places. South American Kidney Cure is a liquid Kidney specific; cures Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Bladder troubles and all Kidney disorders. Helps in four to six hours and heals permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

THE RICHES OF THE DESERT.

Gold, Silver, Lead, Iron and Copper all found in the Mojave Sand.

The train was rushing over the white Mojave desert, a trail of sand and dust behind, an eternity of dust in the distance, a coming sandstorm high in the air. The thermometer was dancing a Highland fling, 120 degrees perhaps, anywhere you thought it might be, and the heat waves rose from the sands.

'I wouldn't care to own this land,' remarked a tourist.

'Why?' asked a Californian.

'It's so absolutely worthless. There's just where you Eastern people are mistaken,' said the native. 'True this isn't the most beautiful part of California—I like Los Angeles better myself—but I can tell you, no one is going to give you the desert this year. Why, all it wants is water to convert it into the garden spot of the world.'

'That's true of Hades,' retorted the stranger, 'but the trouble is you haven't the water, and you're not going to get it here.'

'Wrong again,' said the Californian. 'They are finding the finest kind of artesian water all over the desert. Some day you'll find this desert a banana orchard; and as for value, some of the most valuable mines in the State are on the desert. The land that water has been put on has been found to be very rich, and fruit ripens five or six weeks earlier here than anywhere else. The desert is rich in gold, silver, copper, lead and iron; you don't happen to see it from the cars, but it's there all right. Dozens of paying gold mines are being worked, on the desert. The richest and largest iron mine in the West is right in such a place as this, and not far away. The iron lies around like sand, and is preferred in the fine work on the cruisers to all others. Over beyond here they raise trees, yuccas, that are ground up and sent to England where they print papers on it. Down at Ivanpah—that's a town right out on the desert, a red hot place—they have started a copper mine; began this year, and it's panned out \$180,000 profit so far. I suppose you wouldn't refuse that. And if you want to bet I'll go you any amount that within a year there'll be a dozen copper mines at work on the desert. Why, the desert is just rolling in wealth all ready to be picked up. It's warm, I'll agree to that, but there are hotter places. When you come to silver mines, there are lots of them on the desert, at Barstow, and Calico. In the worst part of the desert in the hills over beyond Daggett, is the most valuable borax deposit in any land. About six hundred people are working at it, and they think they are in great luck. You can't touch the borax king who owns it, with a ten foot pole. He makes thousands out of it.'

'If you want to see the greatest sight in America,' continued the enthusiastic Californian, 'in the way of a salt mine, go down to Salton in the desert. There they plough it out; and there are acres of salt, pure and white as snow. I know another desert landholder who gets a crop of bitumen; and another gets phosphates; another asbestos. Another has a sulphur deposit;

still another takes out gypsum, all on the desert, and the great waste has just begun to be known. There's enough gold and silver and copper lying in that desert to make hundreds of men millionaires, and its going to be found yet. And,' added the Californian, 'there's another side to it; it's hot, but it's the healthiest place on earth. People are living here now who would be dead in a few months anywhere else.

'Then look at the curiosities,' he went on. 'Take Salton, way down below the level of the sea. Ten years ago it was one of the wonders of the country. Salton is 350 feet lower than sea level—a curious sort of a place. All at once the men at the salt station heard that the Indians said the whole sink was full once and was going to fill up again, and they began to take to the mountains until not one was left. That there was something in what the Indians said anyone who has been there knows, as you can see the old water line and the old fish traps, made of rock, along the shore line. The white men didn't take much stock in the story, but one day they found water running into the desert from New River, and in a few weeks there was an inland sea on the Mojave desert that you couldn't see across, and it came down into Salton and threatened to ruin the salt works. There it staid for a month or two, one of the wonders of the country, and thousands visited it.

'Then,' said the Californian, 'there's the town of Indio in the desert that's many feet below the sea level; and a few miles from here it blows so hard that they've started a wind ground glass factory. All they do is to set the glass out doors and the first sandstorm grinds it all right.

'Down at Palm Springs they have a palm tree forest that is a desert attraction. How the trees got there no one knows, but there are hundreds of them. Some of the people live there. One man told that in summer he spent most of his time lying in on irrigation ditch, it was that hot and

in some places on the desert the nights are so cold you feel as though you freeze to death. I tell you the desert is a great place. It isn't exactly a summer resort, but for actual value of resources it will go ahead of many like areas in the richest part of America.'

Buffalo Bill's Clever Daughter.

Mrs. H. S. Boal, one of the best known women of Wyoming, enjoys the double distinction of being the daughter of Colonel Cody better known as "Buffalo Bill" and of residing in a community whose legal title is "B. X.—Ranch, Black, Wyoming." No one can tell more interesting stories of her distinguished father, and not even her father has been pestered with questions by foolish or inquisitive people. Among some of the startling queries which have been put to her are these:

'I suppose you have a very large collection of Indian scalps?' 'Have you ever been scalped yourself?' 'Do you keep Buffaloes as domestic pets?'

Once, on the ranch while she was entertaining a foreign stranger, her father rode by and she said, 'There's Colonel Cody now.'

The man looked at the horseman long and anxiously.

'Are you sure about it?'

'Certainly; I know him very well, indeed.'

'Well, I declare, I was never so surprised in my life. Why that man is a gentleman, and not an Indian at all.'

'Whiskey, you're the devil!'

says the Irishman, who nevertheless employs it to cast out the uglier devil, a cough or cold; how much more sensible to employ Adamson's Botanic cough Balsam, which never fails. 25c. all druggists.

Anna Gould's Professor of Fendal Law. Professor Isaac Franklin Russell dean of the woman's law class of the University of New York, is a wit as well as a jurist and scholar. On one occasion a young woman in one of his classes said:

'The old common law seems to be full of contradictions.'

'It is,' replied the Professor. 'For example, fee-tail has no end, and a fee-male cannot have any possible relation to a woman.'

On another occasion a student asked: 'In the old days the law favored the eldest son nowadays, which of the family does the law favor?'

The Dean replied: 'Why the survivor, of course.'

Professor Russell was one of the counsel who drew up the marriage settlements of Anna Gould and the Count de Castellane. By an odd coincidence, a year before, the bride was a student in his class, and was one of the best informed of the women upon feudal law and legal status of royalty and nobility. Probably no French noblewoman is better acquainted with her own legal rights, duties and liabilities than the millionaire American Countess.

His Wish.

Just—I wish I had a hundred dol-lars Paul—I wish you; and that I had a hundred hammers to hit 'em with.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. PURELY VEGETABLE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

LAXA LIVER PILLS

You can't be healthy if your bowels are constipated and your system clogged with poisonous material. There should be a natural movement every day, and the best way to secure it is to take Laxa-Liver Pills. The most obstinate cases yield to their action. They neither gripe, sicken nor weaken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

CURE CONSTIPATION

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Heals and soothes the Lungs and Cures Coughs and Colds of the worst kind after other remedies fail. Pleasant to take. Price 25c.

TALE OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT. A Story of Schoolbooks, a Cheerful Grandmother and a Good, but Stupid Little Boy.

Sydney Puffer was the stupidest boy in the Malburn school. Now, some boys are stupid and don't know it. If you were to be led by their opinions of themselves you would say they were anything but stupid. But Syd knew he was stupid and wished every day that he could become less so. It is not the custom at the Malburn school for the boys to have any home studies. All their studying is done in the classroom, but Syd was so anxious to learn that he would take his geography and his spelling home and would study and study until he fell asleep over the books.

The fairy fluttered up to him and kissed him on each cheek, and he told me afterward that it was as if a warm snowflake had touched him, which was not a bad idea for a fellow like Sydney. Then the fairy and the jar vanished, but Sydney walked home as happy as if he had never been bothered at school. He had his schoolbooks under his arm, for he had determined to have good lessons next day if it took him all night to learn them. I think that he fancied his grandmother would not believe that he had met a fairy, so he said nothing to her about it, but sagged to test his new power he sat down at the centre table in the sitting room and began to study his history lesson. The boys had studied far beyond their ages in that school, and Sydney was only 10, and as you have seen he could hardly read, and yet he had history, geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and physiology.

he had come to his own. And the superintendent who was quite a good draughtsman himself, said: 'Miss Greene, I consider that map so remarkable that I am going to have the blackboard removed and sent to the Paris Exposition as a sample of American school work.' And the scholars rose to their feet and gave three cheers for Sydney quite unchecked. Now if you go the exposition next spring you ask them to show you Sydney Puffer's map of Africa.

From Pain To Health. A CHIPPEWA LADY TELLS A STORY OF SUFFERING AND RELEASE.

Suffered From Heart Trouble for Years—Her Misery Further Aggravated by Kidney and Stomach Trouble. From the Star, St. Catherine, Ont. In the village of Chippewa, and along the Niagara frontier, there is probably no better known or respected residents than Mr. and Mrs. David Sobabel. Both are of German descent, and display much of that old-fashioned hospitality so often found in the fatherland. To a correspondent of the St. Catherine Star, who recently called at Mr. Sobabel's home Mrs. Sobabel related the following story:—'Years ago my physician told me I had heart disease. I have been troubled at intervals with palpitation and severe pains, and sometimes my heart would almost cease to beat. I would become dizzy, restless and frightened. At other times I slept badly and had troublesome dreams. I lingered in this state until last winter when exposure to cold affected my kidneys and completely prostrated me. The spring came, when my complaints were further aggravated by stomach trouble. I leathard food and could realize that I was daily growing weaker. My physician's treatment would sometimes slightly benefit me, then again I was worse than ever. Finally, after all hope was apparently gone and a large sum of money had been thrown away for medicines that did me no good, a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, two boxes of which were brought me at the beginning of the summer of 1899. I used them and to my joy noticed improvement. I continued the use of the pills faithfully until I had taken eight boxes. I am now able to attend to all my house work, feeling entirely cured. I have never had better health than I am now enjoying, and since discontinuing the pills have had no symptoms of the old complaint. I feel that I am under lifelong obligations for the benefit I have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will continue to praise them when opportunity offers.

be murderer was plainly embarrassed. To be sure he had the axe, but it is not so easy to kill a man when he is looking. He hesitated, and in that second the messenger conceived a brilliant thought. 'Ah, poor old chap!' said he, pathetically, as one conciliates a snarling dog. 'Cold and hunger have driven him crazy! The man let the axe fall. He almost smiled. It was so well to be out of a nasty job! Yes, he would be crazy. Appearing to forget the matter, he left the axe where it had fallen, and began to rummage in the grub-sack. The dogs awoke, and the two men breakfasted and started long before dawn. That day the messenger carried the axe, and insisted that the madman should walk in front. At the next mounted police station, the man, much to his surprise, was handed over to the officer in charge. Now his efforts to play 'crazy' was a sad failure. He was taken to Dawson, tried and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

Generous. Boy—The butcher is downstairs and says he must have something on account, no matter how small it is. Harduppe—All right. Tell him not to send me any more bills for six months and to add the 12 cents he saves in postage to my credit. Wasted. Husband—Darling, were you frightened by the earthquake today? I was at great distress at not being able to go to you. Wife—No you silly. I didn't feel it. I was trying on my new frock.

BORN.

- Amherst, Mar. 20, to the wife of Mr. Fisher, a son.
Hantsport, Mar. 13, to the wife of Cyrus Davison, a son.
Windsor, Mar. 24, to the wife of Rev. Henry Dickson, a son.
Bellevue, Mar. 15, to the wife of Wm. Troop, a daughter.
Amherst, Mar. 20, to the wife of Berner Selig, a daughter.
Amherst, Mar. 25, to the wife of G. E. Patterson, a daughter.
Colchester, Mar. 16, to the wife of G. E. Pyke, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Mar. 20, to the wife of Albert Wade, a daughter.
Andover, Mar. 21, to the wife of Wm. E. Spike, a daughter.
Truro, Mar. 27, to the wife of James E. Blair, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Mar. 20, to the wife of Andrew Hobbs, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Mar. 20, to the wife of Harry McKinlay, a daughter.
Moncton, Mar. 24, to the wife of Frank C. Robinson, a daughter.
Chatham, Mar. 24, to the wife of Dr. J. C. Vincent, a daughter.
Sydney, Mar. 24, to the wife of Rev. J. A. Webster, a daughter.
Colchester, Mar. 14, to the wife of Gilmore Creelman, a son.
Halifax, Mar. 20, to the wife of the late J. Sylvester Connors, a son.
Dalhousie, Mar. 18, to the wife of Warren Frederick, a daughter.
Fort Dufferin, Mar. 25, to the wife of Dr. E. W. Danlop, a daughter.
Quoddy, Halifax, Mar. 25, to the wife of William O'Sullivan, a daughter.
Riverside, A. C., Mar. 8, to the wife of A. W. Smilbers, a daughter.
Alma, A. C., Mar. 10, to the wife of Alma McQuinn, a daughter.
International Pier, Mar. 24, to the wife of John McNamara, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Lunenburg, Mar. 24, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Jerry Woolby to Bessie Bell.
Aylmer, Feb. 27, by Rev. John Morgan, Thomas Reid to Mrs. Ella Baker.
Lakerville, Mar. 21, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Fred H. French to Linnie Porter.
Bridgewater, Mar. 24, by Rev. S. Marsh, Demas A. Vail to Missie B. Leary.
Albert N. B., March 26, by Rev. Charles Comben, Mr. Gould to Miss Houston.
Mill Cove, Mar. 19, by Rev. E. Ople, Herman G. Coit to Charley A. Rainey.
Mount Herbert, Mar. 21, by Rev. W. J. Howard, Ernest March to Lottie Jones.
San Jose, Cal., Mar. 14, by Father Kenna, Harry G. Gray to Jean McFarlane.
Alberton, Mar. 1, by Rev. E. G. Gray, Frederick Call to Margaret Squarebriggs.
Bass River, Mar. 21, by Rev. F. E. Troop, Charles E. McAllister to Edith E. McNeill.
Bridgewater, Mar. 21, by Rev. E. Churchill, Joseph L. Wynot, to Annie M. Hirtle.
Hantsport, Mar. 24, by Rev. G. E. White, James Albert Hynes, to Annie M. Mortimer.
Lunenburg, March 24, by Rev. J. H. Davis, Samuel Knutback to Cassandra Jondry.
Coldbrook, Mar. 28, by Rev. Wm. E. Tennant, Wm. Charlton to Bessie Maude McClean.
New Dominion, Mar. 21, by Rev. J. G. McIvor, Daniel Frizzell to Hattie Elizabeth Darrach.
Westmorland Co., Mar. 20, by Rev. Abraham Peury, James Brown to Augusta A. Brown.
New Glasgow Road, Mar. 21, by Ven. Archbishop Reagh, Nelson Reed to Elizabeth Grace Macdonald.
Glasville, Mar. 21st, by Rev. J. K. Beatrice, Frederick B. Gregory to Mary Frances McCann.
Antigonish, Mar. 19, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, assisted by Rev. J. A. Marple, George J. Meyers to Mary Frouell.
Bridgewater, Mar. 26, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, assisted by Rev. A. F. Shattuck, and E. F. Churchill, Wilbert K. Stoddard to Bessie M. Stoddard.

DIED.

- St. John, Mar. 29, John P. Best, 70.
St. John, Mar. 29, John Hackett, 76.
Amherst, Mar. 27, Jacob A. Betts, 67.
Halifax, Mar. 27, John R. McFadden.
St. John, Mar. 29, John Thompson, 75.
Montague, Mar. 27, Vasey Barker, 62.
Millford, Mar. 25, Barbara McLeod, 74.
Worcester, Mar. 24, Miss Mary Towan.
Grand Fro, Mar. 29, Andrew Borden, 85.
Summerside, Mar. 26, Joseph F. Cahill, 85.
Charlottetown, Mar. 25, Isabelle Bishop, 84.
Barrington, Mar. 26, Mr. W. H. Wilson, 67.
Riverside, A. C., Mar. 24, Eliza Downing, 89.
Antrim, Halifax Co., Jan. 27, J. Cruickshank, 67.
Central Hampstead, Mar. 22, Mrs. B. S. Palmer, 74.
West Somerville, Mass., Mar. 29, Mrs. E. E. Torrie.
Medford, Mass., Mar. 28, Gabriel V. M. Servant, 61.

- Glasville, Mar. 21, Mr. Albert McRae Dibble, 51.
St. John, Mar. 26, Eliza, wife of J. M. F. Whitting, 64.
Rupert, Vt., Mar. 21, Rev. Thomas Rogers, M. A., 71.
Jenny City, Mar. 23, Getrude, wife of Frank R. Evans.
Windsor, Mar. 27, Amanda, daughter of Peleg Chad, 24.
Boston, Mar. 26, Letitia, daughter of the late Benj. Farnes, 64.
Hardwoodland, Mar. 21, Miss Elizabeth McDonald, 72.
Medford, Mass., Mar. 24, Elizabeth, widow of Joseph Wright, 85.
Yarmouth, Mar. 25, John B. Blaney, son of Dr. A. J. Fuller, 7.
State Farm, Mass., Mar. 21, Sidney W., son of the late J. W. Smith, 41.
Middle Newswicks, Mar. 25, Elmer, widow of Robinson Rutherford, 86.
Halifax, Mar. 28, Edna Theresa, child of James and Edith Kelly, 8 months.
St. John, Mar. 28, Irene, daughter of Rev. T. J. and Rebecca Dolan, 19.
Argyle Shore, Mar. 23, Mary Campbell, widow of the late Donald Stewart, 78.
Lower Brighton, Mar. 20, Winna, daughter of John and Sarah Birmingham, 14.
East Falmouth, Mar. 20, Hattie Merrier, daughter of Capt. Murray Larkin, 8 months.
Dresden Row, Mar. 29, John Y. O'Neill, child of Maggie and John O'Neill, 3 months.
Shelburne, Mar. 24, J. Archibald McCallum, son of T. E. and Mary S. White, 9 months.
Springhill, Mar. 27, Mary E., infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Elms, 4 months.
Springhill, Mar. 25, Gertrude Porter infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Porter, 5 weeks.
West Glasville, Mar. 28, Charles Howard, son of James and the late Anne Brewer, 1 year.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC. Easter Holidays. Excursion Tickets will be sold for the Public. At one way lowest first-class fare for April 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd, and 10th, good for return until April 17th, 1900. For School Vacations. To pupils and teachers of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard form of school vacation railway certificate signed by the principal, sell round trip tickets as under:— To stations on the Atlantic Division and on the Ontario and Quebec Division as far as and including Montreal, at one way lowest first-class fare from April 19th, to 24th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900. To Stations west of Montreal at one way lowest first-class fare to Montreal, added to one way lowest first-class fare and one third from Montreal, from April 19th, to 24th, inclusive, good to return until April 24th, 1900. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Feb. 20th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m. arr. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS. Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.45 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom usual tickets and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Wednesday, Oct. 16th, 1899 trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Ficton and Halifax.....1.58 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.00 Express for Sussex.....12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney.....22.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 7.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex.....12.00 Accommodation from Moncton.....12.00 Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.....12.00 Accommodation from Moncton.....12.00 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. FORTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved. There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia, and Canada, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

'What do you want of me, my dear?' she said in the sweetest voice imaginable. But Sydney only stared in amazement. 'You called me, my dear, and here I am I can do anything for you that you wish to be done. Make you rich, make you wise, make you good.' Now, there are a number of boys in the Malburn school, who would have said: 'Oh make me rich,' but dear little Syd hardly ever thought of money. He did want to know something, so he said: 'I wish that I could learn easily. You see, he didn't even ask to know everything without study; he merely wanted to learn easily, and as he had asked so he received.

The fairy fluttered up to him and kissed him on each cheek, and he told me afterward that it was as if a warm snowflake had touched him, which was not a bad idea for a fellow like Sydney. Then the fairy and the jar vanished, but Sydney walked home as happy as if he had never been bothered at school. He had his schoolbooks under his arm, for he had determined to have good lessons next day if it took him all night to learn them. I think that he fancied his grandmother would not believe that he had met a fairy, so he said nothing to her about it, but sagged to test his new power he sat down at the centre table in the sitting room and began to study his history lesson. The boys had studied far beyond their ages in that school, and Sydney was only 10, and as you have seen he could hardly read, and yet he had history, geography, spelling, arithmetic, grammar, and physiology.